THE

Muſe of New-Market:

OR,

Mirth and Drollery

BEING

Three FARCES Acted before the

KING and Court

AT

NEW-MARKET;

Viz. The *Merry Milkmaid* of *Iſlington*, or the *Rambling Gallants* defeated. ——— 1.

Love loſt in the *Dark*, or the *Drunken Couple*. — 19.

The *Politick Whore* or the *Conceited Cuckhold*. ——— 39.

Ut Pictura Poeſis erit, quæ ſi propriùs ſtes,
Te capiet magis, & quædam ſi longiùs obſtes
Hæc amat, obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce, videri;
Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

LONDON:

Printed for *Dan. Browne* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, *Dan. Major* at the *Hand* and *Scepter* over againſt S. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and *James Vade* at the *Cock* and *Sugar Loaf* near S. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*. 1680.

I Carwitham Sculp.

The Merry Milkmaid of Islington; &c.

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ISLINGTON;

OR, THE

Rambling Gallants

DEFEATED.

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The Actors Names.

SIR *Jeffery Jolt*, a half-witted Knight.
Lovechange, *Wenchlove*, two Town-Gallants.
Anthony, a Clown, Sir *Jeffery*'s Man.

VVomen.

Artezhim, the Lady *Jolt*.
Iſabella, a loſt Gentlewoman.
Margery, the Milkmaid to Lady *Jolt*, her Coſin diſguiz'd.
Tapſter.

The Scene Islington, or thereabouts.

THE
Merry Milkmaid
OF
ISLINGTON.

Enter Sir Jeffery Jolt, Anthony *his Man.*

Sir *Jeff.* YOu that call your ſins your duty, obey your Ladies Riots, preſerve her ſpittle to cure your ſalt Itch, and thred in Bracelets the Pearls that drop from her Authentick Noſe.

Ant. Cuds heart Sir, what do you mean?

Sir *Jeff.* To cleave you from the Scull to the Twiſt, make nine Skittles of thy bones, and wind thy Heart-ſtrings about my Thumb.

Ant. Sir, have a care what you do; ſo rotten are my limbs, that if you blow on me too hard, I am ſtraight ſcatter'd into ſand.

Sir *Jeff.* Coward, creep into my Hour-glaſs then, and there eternally diſtinguiſh fatal time.

Enter Artezehim.

Artez. What Slave diſturbs my quiet?

Ant. Ne're look Sir, I ſerve my Lady, and ſcorn to yield.

Sir *Jeff.* Doſt briſtle Pork-pine?

Ant. Take heed Sir, I have the Malady of *France.*

Art. Withdraw your violence; if you diſorder but a hair that belongs to my meaneſt Groom, I will proclaim my ſuperiority and rule i'th' ſtreets.

Sir *Jeff.* Hell cannot miſs thee long.

Art. Inſult in thy own Pigs ſty, this Apartment calls me Soveraign: *Tony*, ſend in one that waits there.

Sir *Jeff.* What will ſhe do at laſt?

Art. A ſlow device Sir, but of my own brain.

Enter Lovechange.

Sir *Jeff.* What art thou?

Love. A kind Gueſt invited here. Sir *Jeff.* To what?

Love. To taſte your Wives Gammons.

Sir *Jeff.* Bold Sir, be in your ſpeech more plain.

Love. I come to get Children for you.

Art. Do you want plainer Paraphraſe; he is my ſervant Sir, my Stallion if I pleaſe, a Courtly complement, and much in uſe among Ladies of my growth and blood.

Sir *Jeff.* O my cold blood, this Woman will diſtract me.

Art. You ſee I'm furniſh'd, now your Concubine may ſhare you and the houſe in peace.

Sir *Jeff.* Iſtop my ears to thy bold clamours: But for you Sir, the minutes you muſt waſte on Earth are few.

Love. This I conſider Sir, and therefore make ſuch haſt to mingle with your Wife, that the kind World may have ſome Iſſue from my Loyns.

Sir *Jeff.* If this prove true, may Cats piſs out my eyes. [Love. *draws.*

Art. Hold weak *Jeff.* or elſe I'le wound thy heart. [Art. *draws a Dagger.*

Love. If you advance one inch beyond that Chink, I'le through the ſtreets blow your Dirge, with the great Horn that grows upon your Brow.

Sir *Jeff.* A whole ſhower of Gall is fallen at once.

Love. 'Uds life Sir, I come to eaſe the labour of your body, and you want courteſie to return thanks.

Art. Hang him ingrateful.

Love. But what hereafter I perform, ſhall be for your Ladies ſake, not yours.

Sir *Jeff.* For all this, I know you will not wrong my Bed.

Love. Who told you ſo?

Sir *Jeff.* I read it in your Noble Feature, and your ſhape.

Love. The better ſhapt I am Sir, the more cauſe you'l have to love the Iſſue I ſhall get upon your Wife.

Sir *Jeff.* I know thou ſcorns to do't.

Love. Not I, believ't Sir, I muſt do't; is your Lady fruitful, I would be loth to looſe my labour on her.

Sir *Jeff.* Death and the Devil. [*Offers to draw, they laugh at him,*

Art. I'le have a Trumpet and a Drum, and ſound to the world thy living ſhame.

Love. O fie Sir! what own your diſgrace aloud, as if you were proud on't.

Art. Nay it becomes you finely.

Love. You think becauſe you're curſt we'll allow you ſhort Horns; no, I'le graft upon your head a pair ſo tall, they ſhall go near to prick the very Planet that rul'd at your Nativity.

Art. He ſleeps.

Love. Take down a Cuſhion and pray Sir, you cannot chuſe but know the frailty of the times, the ſurfeits of the Womb, and how great Ladies uſe to relieve their appetites; your own confeſſion of my parts commends your Wife in her choice; there be them that ſin with feeble Uſhers, and wither'd Dwarfs.

Art. He wants judgment to conſider this.

Love. I merit better looks Sir, that muſt thraſh all night for you, and without wages too Sir.

Art. Dead as a Monument let us leave him.

Love. Had he choſe the Devil for his Phyſician, he could ne're come by the like Cordial. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Sir *Jeff.*

Sir *Jeff.* I follow you. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella *alone.*

Iſa. The day begins to break; and trembling light, as if affrighted with the nights diſaſter, ſteals through the fartheſt ayr, and by degrees ſalutes my weary longings: new fears aſſaule me; 'tis a Womans voice, and chearfully expreſſes her freedome: Be propitious thou Regent of my Fate, and guide her hither to my comfort. *Singing within.*

Enter Margery *ſinging, as going a Milking.*

Marg. *What a pleaſant life the Milkmaids lead,*
She trips and dances o're the Mead;
She dabbles in Dew, and ſings to her Cow,
And cryes fond love, I defie thee now;
She ſleeps in the night, though ſhe toyls in the day,
And merrily paſſeth her time away.

Marg. Ha! what ſilken Butterflies yonder; ſhe looks not like one that had kept her ſelf warm at the Brick-kills; yet ſilk Petticoats many times are glad of worſe lodging.

Iſa. Goodmorrow Maid.

Marg. Should I ſalute you ſo, 'twould bring my wit in queſtion: pray what are you?

Iſa. A diſtreſſed Maid.

Marg. A Maid at your years, and ſo near *London!* where the ſale of a Maidenhead at fifteen is as rare as a light Wenches Converſion.

Iſa. Good Maid, Wife, or Widdow, for ſure you are a woman, do me a courteous office, and guide me to ſome houſe.

Marg. It ſeems you are a kind Country Gentlewoman, that has beſtow'd your Maidenhead on your Fathers man, and are come up to have a Citizen ſalder your broken ware; the policy is grown ſtale, 'twould hardly take, ever ſince the Ballet curſt the Carrier that brought her to Town.

Iſa. Do you from the abundance of your own ills ſuſpect mine?

Marg. The Toy is angry, it would fain counterfeit ſomething to make me her Agent but you are deceived my pretty morſel of wantonneſs, my ſelf and my Pale are both honeſt; I am not the Blades Intelligencer, whether *Doll* and *Moll* remove their lodgings to eſcape the Conſtable, and *Bridewell*: I will to my Cows, and leave you to the fate of the morning; diſpair not of a Cuſtomer, but be ſure I catch you not napping, for if I do, expect no mercy, for I hate Hedge-coupling worſe than faſting at *Chriſtmas.*

Iſa. If you are good, ſtay and comfort me, the ſente of my diſtreſs ſtops further ſpeech. [*Sounds.*

Marg. Ha! ſhe ſounds poor Gentlewoman; ſhould ſhe miſcarry, I were in danger of being thought her Murderess; alas ſhe's dead: why *Tony*, *Tony*, help me, a Gentlewoman is fallen dead.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Why, what is ſhe dead?

Marg. Nay, that's as hard to tell as the ſucceſs of my danger.

Ant. Is ſhe quite dead? *Mar.* I, I, quite dead.

Ant. And are not you in a pickle *Margery*? ſhe is not dead, ſhe moves.

Marg. Pull her by the Noſe.

Ant. I, I, pull it off; no matter for ſpoiling her face, if ſhe be dead.

Marg. Wring her by the little finger.

Ant. Her little finger is ring'd, and I'de wring it off if I could.

Marg. No robbing of the dead *Tony*.

Ant. Why, what a Devil ſhould the Dead do with living moveables?

Marg. Caſt water in her face.

Ant. Blow wind in her Arſe; can water make one alive that's dead, unleſs it be hot water? *Marg.* She ſtirs, give her more ayr.

Iſa. E're you return me to my angry Unkle, my ſoul ſhall fly, and meet with my deareſt imbraces.

Ant. Why, what a Devil do you mean, Miſtreſs Gentlewoman.

Iſa. You are murtherers of all my content, you ſerve the world for baſe reward, and that ſhall render you baſe to opinion.

Ant. Prethee *Margery* let me conjure down this Devil in her tongue, 't will raiſe a Tempeſt elſe, murderers and baſe? pray Gentlewoman, who do you ſpeak all this to? *Iſa.* To you, the injurers of my love.

Ant. Hey day! ſhe's mad; love with a vengeance; come, come, I muſt take her aſide, and give her ſatisfaction.

Marg. I pity your feeling ſorrows, would I could comfort you.

Iſa. Since my diſtreſs has made me an object of your pity, pray lead me to ſome houſe, for I am wondrous faint.

Marg. That I will, what e're comes on't, [*Exit* Marg. Iſa.

Ant. But pray *Margery* forget not my Breakfaſt; riſing early, and rambling about, has got me a good ſtomach; yet I could be content to faſt with ſuch laced Mutton, and a good Callice, more than half a morning.

Enter Artezehim.

Art. The blind that *Lovebange* and I caſt upon our actions, muſt be withdrawn with diſcretion, leſt my Reputation fall in the Encounter.

Ant. Here's my Lady; now for a trick to put upon her to revenge my Maſters wrongs: Madam, as I was in the Market to fetch ſweet Bryar, I met a Maid; ſhe told me ſhe was in danger of loſing a piece of ground which was her own by Inheritance, and left her by her Mother, now there's a Knight would fain incloſe it, and lay it to part of his Mannour.

Art. Where lies this Land?

Ant. Not far off; ſhe would be content to let him enjoy it after her deceaſe, if that would ſerve his turn.

Art. Has ſhe given you any writing to make me better underſtand the matter?

Ant. This is the Survey, not only of the Mannour it ſelf, but the Meadow, Paſture, Plow land, Coney-borrow, Fiſh-pond, Hedge, Ditch and Buſh that ſtands in't,

Art. My

Art. My Husbands hand to't, and a Love-letter; where had it you?

Ant. From the aforesaid party, that would fain keep the foresaid Land from the foresaid Knights fingers.

Art. Sir *Jeffery* turn'd Ranger?

Ant. Madam, you are a good Huntereſs; though ſhe love now and then to have a private Borrow ferrited for her own pleaſure, yet ſhe won't allow him to run down a Deer: Sir *Jeffery* would fain be a Ranger, but ſhe requeſts you to let him run a Courſe in your own Park; if you'l not do it for love, then do't for money; ſhe has no Silver, but there's Gold; or elſe ſhe prays you to Ring him by this Token, and ſo you ſhall be ſure his Noſe will not be routing in other folks Paſtures.

Art. This Purſe and Ring was mine, I know them; to requite your pains, take thou the Gold.

Ant. No not I, ſo I may be call'd in queſtion if I came honeſtly by it.

Art. Theſe lines are even, the Arrows love let fly,
The very Ink dropt out of *Venus* Eye:
To me he ne're thus writ;
But Luſt can ſet a double edge on Wit.

Ant. Nay, that's true Madam, a Wench can whet any thing, if it be not too dull. *Art.* What is the Creature?

Ant. One of thoſe Creatures that are contrary to Man, a Woman.

Art. What manner of Woman?

Ant. A tiny Woman, lower than your Ladyſhip by the head and ſhoulders, but as mad a Wench as ever untyed a Petticoat.

Art. Why ſhould ſhe ſend back theſe, and by you?

Enter Sir Jeffery.

Ant. Ware, ware, there's knavery i'th' wind.

Art. Did not he ſend them by you?

Ant. Never, never, I hope you won't put that upon me.

Art. Are you ſo cloſe you Baud, you Pandering Slave?

Sir *Jeff.* Why how now Wife, what's your quarrel?

Art. Out of my ſight baſe Varlet, get thee gone.

Sir *Jeff.* Away you Rogue; what grown a fighter; prethee what's the matter, how you change, ſurely you are not well. [*Exit* Anthony.

Art. All is not well indeed. [*She kneels.*

Sir *Jeff.* Why doſt kneel?

Art. Earth is ſins Cuſhion, Sir *Jeffery*, Husband I dare not call thee; I have ſtoln that Jewel of my chaſt Honour, which was only thine, and given it to a ſlave. Sir *Jeff.* Ha!

Art. On thy Pillow Adultery and Luſt have ſlept, thy Groom has climb'd the unlawful Tree, and pluckt the ſweets, a Villain has uſurp'd the Husbands Sheets.

Sir *Jeff.* Did I out of a ſound faith in you forget the Gottiſh Monſter you entertained, thinking not to fret my ſoul by your ſeeming ſudeneſs, and now to act the fault indeed; 'uds death, who waſt made me a Cuckold, who waſt? *Art.* Your man *Tony*.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Worſe than damnation, bold Strumpet, hang not on me, think'ſt I'le be a Baud to a Whore, and my Wife too?.

Art. All I beg is, uſe me how you will, but darken the Clouds of my ſhame.

Sir *Jeff.* How, conceal my Horns, they cannot be hid, nor ſhall my revenge; could not I feed your appetite?

O women, you were created Angels pure and fair,
But ſince the Fall you tempting Devils are:
You ſhould be mans bliſs, but you prove our Rods,
Was there no women, men might live like Gods:
Get from my ſight henceforth, and from my Bed,
I'le with no Strumpets breath be poyſoned.

But how drew you him in, or could he bewitch you, how was the manner?

Art. Why thus: Firſt he aſſaulted me with this Battery of beaten Gold, yet I held out; but at laſt, when this was ſhot, it charm'd me: what, do you change? who ſent this Diamond to your Wench? could not I feed your appetite?

O men, you were created Angels pure and fair,
But ſince the Fall you worſe than Devils are:
You ſhould our Shields be, but you prove our Rods,
Were there no men, women might live like Gods.

Guilty Sir *Jeffery?* Sir *Jeff.* Yes guilty, my Lady.

Art. Nay, you may laugh but henceforth ſhun my Bed,
With no Whores leavings I'le be poyſoned. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeff.* O'rereach'd ſo finely; 'tis the very Diamond and Letter which I ſent; this Villain has diſcover'd all: well, this is the ſecond trick ſhe has put upon me; ſhe varies more in mind than e're the wind had points, ſtill I the fool muſt be; but if I break her, who is ſhe or me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Iſabella *in* Margeries *Cloaths, and* Margery *in hers.*

Marg. I Hope you are ſatisfied; but to what end this change is, I would fain be inſtructed.

Iſa. I'le tell you, when I left my Unkles houſe, in a few minutes I was purſued; now this diſguize ſhall help me ſcape the ſearch.

Marg. Now out upon't, had I no better opinion of your honeſty than of your wit, both which ſmell altogether of the Country, I'de leave you to ſeek your own Adventures: you have gentiliſi'd me with your Cloaths, and you are handſome enough in mine; for though I am but a Milk-wench, I ever lov'd neatneſs: now you ſhall be my Maid, and wait on me to the City, if I find not out your Sweet-heart, let me ne're be accounted a Propheteſs; and I'm ſure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cows Tail.

Iſa. Diſpoſe of me as you will now, love has arm'd me with reſolution.

Marg. In

Marg. In this diſguize I'le meet the Blade that Courts me every morning when I go a Milking to *Iſlington*, my condition is too low to win upon his deſires to marry me, and the other thing without it he ſhall never have, for I conceive it will not be for my honour. [Tony *within*.

Ant. Why *Margery*, *Margery*, I ſay, my Breakfaſt; a quick ſupply of meat, drink, and ſleep, or I rage preſently.

Iſa. Bleſs me, what's that!

Marg. Why 'tis *Tony*, my Maſters Rogue, and my Ladies Knave.

Iſa. He'll ſpoil all again. *Enter* Anthony.

Ant. Where's this clean-waſh'd Chitterline, come give me my Breakfaſt: Hay day! *Margery* gentleſi'd, and this Miſtreſs that was ready to die for love *Margeriſi'd!* Now I ſwear by Hunger, and that's a ſtrong Oath, I think women have more Vagaries, than the Devil would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer, and pleaded without Fees.

Marg. Keep counſel Sirrah, you had beſt; and if my Lady ask for me, ſay I wont be loſt long: ſo farewel *Tony*. [*Exit* Marg. Iſab.

Ant. You will not be loſt long, he's likely to have a ſweet match of it that finds you, yet I could be content my ſeven years ſervice were no worſe rewarded, but the Baggage is as coy as an Aldermans eldeſt Daughter; ſhe has beaten me a hundred times (Coward that I was for ſuffering it) for attempting to kiſs her: if my hand had ſlipt going over a Stile or ſo, 'twould not have vext me to have kiſt her hand ſo, though thrown in my face; but now I will revenge it upon her Cream Bowls, over whoſe ſweets I will triumph.

New miſchief, I am again delaid, if I forbear my Breakfaſt but two minutes longer, my Guts will ſhrink to *Minikin*, which I'le bequeath to the poor Fidlers at *Iſlington* for a *May-day* Legacy.

Enter Wenchlove, Artez.

Art. Mr. *Wenchlove*, ſuch a kind of woman my Maid met withall, but as how I am ignorant: Sirrah, call *Margery* forth.

Ant. Which, your *Margery* Gentlewoman, or your Gentlewoman *Margery*? *Art.* Your trifling's unſeaſonable, Sirrah.

Ant. Why Madam, *Margery* is no more plain *Margery*, but *Margery* in ſilks, the Gentlewoman and ſhe are run out of themſelves one into another.

Wen. But where are they?

Ant. For ought I know run away one with another.

Art. Do you run after, and call 'um back.

Ant. 'Tis impoſſible, who knows which way they are gone? beſides 'tis a miſt would choak a Brewers Horſe, I can't ſee one hand from t'other.

Wen. Madam, my ſuſpition prompts me you are treacherous, and theſe fair ſeeming undertakings traps to catch me.

Art. Nay then what Mr. *Lovechange* has told me is true: Sirrah, do you try to overtake them, and we'll follow.

Ant. Oh killing Command! the beſt is it break my Heart, no matter then for my Belly; Hunger I defie thee, Revenge I hug thee, I will lead

a Wild-gooſe Chace till I come to *Iſlington*, where I will ſcore two dozen, and reckon with my Hoſteſſes Maid, whoſe Belly I have fill'd with Marybones and Pudden. [*Exit.*

Wen. Now Madam, why do you look ſo wiſtly on me?

Art. I, I, 'tis ſo, now the love of mans ſociety defend me from this abuſer of Creation; come not near me thou man of Clouts, thou Mauking of Virility, thou half woman, and all beaſt, or with theſe Nails I will tear out thy eyes, and all the double things about thee.

Wen. Be milder Madam, there's nothing in me appears to my ſelf ſo full of guilt, that it ſhould deſerve a reproach from you a ſtranger.

Art. There's nothing in you indeed Sir, your friend has given me your Character, you pretend to hate women, becauſe women have reaſon to hate you.

Wen. I hate women by my love of pleaſure, no delight has any reliſh on the wanton palat of my deſires, unleſs ſeaſoned with what's derived from them.

Art. Yes Sir, you may take delight in them, but they little in you; come not near me, there's infection in't; my blood deſires no freezing, the Summer of my Youth is not yet half ſpent, or if it were Winter with me, high feeding and eaſe requires ſomething.

Wen. She takes me for an Eunuch ſure, *Lovechange* has overdone his part; ſhe has foil'd him, and now he hopes my downfal: ſweet Madam hear me, I love you, and my deſires are throughly fired, and burn my blood, which nothing can ſquench but your free enjoying.

Art. Say you ſo, why I am a Woman Sir.

Wen. I think you are, and one made up for pleaſure more than the dull converſe of what's defective.

Art. You ſay true Sir, I hear it with a heavy heart, but I hope Sir you would not have me make my Husband a Cuckold; I'le lead him by the Noſe till I put a trick upon him. [*Aſide.*

Wen. Fie, that's a groſs conſtruction, only ſhame and common knowledge does it, not the act of a Wives wantonneſs.

Art. I need no inſtructions for ſecreſie, truſt me a handſome Gentlewoman, dare you kiſs me Sir?

Wen. Now it may come about a Pledge for what ſhall follow.

Art. Pray Sir, is this a fit place to make ones Husband a Cuckold in?

Wen. Oh the fitteſt place in the world, let not any weak excuſe rob my hopes of enjoying you.

Art. Sir, I defie weakneſs, ſhould ſome of my ſervants come.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Ha *Wenchlove!* all the Race of mankind is falſe, I'le watch this eager purſuit he has put upon my Lady, and find a way for revenge; I do love, but 'tis honourably: and that's a Crime now a-days.

Wen. Come, come, we looſe the time that might make the pleaſure fruitful.

Art. In-

Art. Indeed I durſt e'ne venture to make him a Cuckold, if I were ſure you would get a Boy.

Wen. Oh! that's doubly ſweet. *Art.* And ſhall he be like the Father?

Wen. As ever Citizens Son was.

Art. I mean my Husband. *Wen.* I am a Courtier.

Art. Kind Sir, you deſerve it for your policy; but I am ſo fraid.

Wen. Miſchief on theſe delays. [*Sir* Jeff. *within.*

Jeff. *Artezhim*, where are you?

Art. O me! what ſhall I do? my Honour, my Honour!

Wen. Vexation racks me, prevented at the very point of happineſs.

Art. Pray hide your ſelf, Sir *Jeffery* will bolt out this way I fear.

Wen. Pox on't where, where? [*Gets into the Tub.*

Art. Happy fortune; here's an empty Tub, get in as nimbly Sir, as if you were a leaping your Neighbours Pale to have a run at his Deer.

Enter Sir Jeff.

Jeff. O *Artezhim!* I have got a ſound Bottle in my head, it o're-charges me.

Art. You make no ſcruple of preſſing upon Womens Retirements.

Wen. Would he was drunk as the Devil with Wine mixt with *Opium*, that he might ſleep for a fortnight. [*Speaks out of the Tub.*

Jeff. Hum, what's that Wife? O my ſtomack's ſick as a Cat after eating Candles ends. *Wen.* Would there was nine Kitlings in't.

Art. Step into the Yard, let not the ſervants ſee your debaucheries.

Jeff. O I am taken quick! why not in this Tub?

Art. Fie Beaſt, defile a neceſſary implement of Huſwifry; you have been drinking of Healths to Cuckolds, your old frolick.

Wen. He might have been one himſelf, had not the Devil brought him home an hour too ſoon. [Lovechange *to them.*

Love. O Madam! where's Sir *Jeffery?* Fie, fie, what flinch us, and run home.

Jeff. O my head, Mr. *Lovechange*, my head; what ſhall I do Wife?

Love. You have received a blow of the forehead, it looks as if 'twere ſwell'd.

Art. No Sir, you nor no man elſe has given him a blow there yet, I can't tell when it may be done, there's no more than what has been ever ſince I was his Wife, three years and more, a long time of barrenneſs.

Enter Iſabella *with a Pale.*

Iſa. O Lord, Madam! why ſtay you here? we are a coming to waſh. [*Throws water into the Tub.*

Jeff. Oh! Oh! I am ſick, I am ſick. [*Runs to the Tub*, Wench. *ſtarts up*,

Wen. Hold, hold, 'eds will you drown'd me.

Love. How now *Tom*, what makes you here?

Jeff. Oh miſchief on you Sir, you have ſpoil'd a good Vomit; I'le lay my life he hid himſelf from my Wife; you told me he was a woman hater: alas poor Gentleman, to ſee how things will happen.

Wen. Hell take your Wife, and you too; accurſed woman that in your curſe made man ſo; Pox of your delays, and fearful denials.

Love. What, ſcold ſo quickly after you Cucking?

Jeff. Good heart, but that he can't endure a woman, he ſhould kiſs my Wife for amends.

Art. I came hither Sir, for ſomething elſe than to be ſcolded at.

Jeff. Come, come, vex him no more, I'le go ſleep a little. [*Exit* Jeff. Art.

Love. There will be a ſafe opportunity for me, I love this Cuckold-making.

Wen. Though you intended a Reformation for your ſelf, you might forbear me, this was your plot.

Love. Mine! I never reſolved ſtaidneſs, but I could alter for my pleaſure, nor can I hate or envy it in others, I am only ſorry *Tom* that you ſhould drink water after your ſweet Meats.

Wen. O *Tony*, have you made any diſcovery? [*To them* Tony.

Love. Have you been in ſearch of the two Wenches I ſaw croſs the Fields towards *Iſlington*.

Ton. O then you took notice of 'um; ſhe in the Silk-Gown you ſhall have Mr. *Lovechange*, and the Milk-wench you ſhall have Mr. *Wenchlove*, I have been condogging with her about it.

Both. Thanks honeſt *Tony*, there's ſomething for thee.

[*He takes the Money, his arms croſs behind him.*

Ton. So Sirs, now here, now there, and now here.

Wen. But *Tony*, what is the Milk-wenches condition?

Ton. Oh womaniſh, Sir; ſhe'll cry when ſhe's angry, laugh when ſhe's tickled, and be ſick when ſhe can't have her will.

Wen. I mean her Calling. *Ton.* She is call'd *Margery*.

Wen. Her Profeſſion then.

Ton. Not very honeſt, and yet very honeſt; ſhe cheats all the world that thinks ſhe is wanton; but you will find that neither your Aunts, nor your Coſins, can keep their Legs ſo cloſe.

Wen. There's more money for thee, I will try that.

Ton. You are as bountiful as a new-made Knight that's in hope of preferment.

Love. But what ſayſt thou to that I muſt have; how was ſhe born?

Ton. Why that you had beſt ask the Midwife.

Love. Is ſhe a Gentlewoman, or not?

Ton. She is, and ſhe is not; ſhe is a Gentlewoman, becauſe ſhe loves pride, which makes Gentlewomen apt to fall, eſpecially waiting Gentlewomen; then ſhe is no Gentlewoman, becauſe, becauſe, becauſe.

Love. Prethee no more.

Ton. 'Tis well he interrupted me, for 'egad I had no more Reaſon than a Horſe: But Sir, I will bring her to the bar of your preſence, where ſhe may anſwer for her ſelf, whilſt I convert your bounty into wholeſome nouriſhment, from a Bottle of Canary, and have about with my own Turnep. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Iſabella *and* Margery.

Love. By your leave, fair Maid.

Marg. What would you have Sir?

Love. A little pleaſure Sweet; come, come, what's your price?

Marg. You miſtake me, I aſſure you Sir.

Love. As if I had not practiſed Wenching ſufficiently to underſtand a ſeeming modeſty, I'le come to your Lodging when I know where it is: but ſay your price, a Guiney, or half a Crown.

Iſa. Have I found you Gallant, 'tis he who I too fondly do affect: but mum, the truth is Sir, I have a Maiden-head yet, though it be agreed for, therefore I am dearer Sir.

Wen. Nay Sweetheart, thou ſhalt ſerve, thy Miſtreſs is too dear, I am loath to pay too dear for Repentance; 'tis but changing Offices, let her hold the door for thee.

Marg. Pray ſpeak, and mean civilly, you'l not be welcome elſe.

Wen. Good Lady light heels, give your ſervant leave to practiſe the Trade you have taught her, that ſuch perfection as appears in this woman ſhould be ſold to every baſe deſire: come Wench, I like thy brown complexion, thou doſt not paint, and art the likelier to be the wholeſomer.

Marg. Good Gentleman, he's jealous, and would circumvent her.

Wen. Here's half a Crown Girl, methinks 'tis a fair rate.

Iſa. What's in me to grant you ſhall command.

Wen. I take your word, the pleaſure of your Bed I muſt have, I will reward it with a new Gown; come dally not with coy denials.

Marg. I marry Sir, but not in this place; but if you pleaſe. [*Whiſpers.*

Iſa. Now Jealouſie inſtruct me, I fear this woman's nought.

Wen. 'Tis a motion I like, the pains will make the pleaſure more ſweet in the enjoying.

Marg. Mr. *Lovechange*, I'le in a word inform you. [*Whiſpers.*

Iſa. How Fate conſpires to make me miſerable?

Love. I thank thee, and approve of thy advice; what ſay you *Tom* to the Fidlers?

Wen. With all my heart, ſend in the Minſtrils.

Enter Anthony, *old Hoſteſs, both drunk.*

Ant. I, I, we will be merry, and in the gallant faſhion: Gentlemen, Muſick is common, no man ſhall ſtop my ears, nor my throat, we muſt put in amongſt you.

Love. By all means *Tony*, 'twill compleat the Medly. [*Dance.*

Ant. Nay, we know what belongs to that. [Love. *kiſs the women.* Come away. [*They kiſs, and reel out.* Exeunt.

ACT III.

Sir Jeffery *aſleep in a Chair.* *Enter* Lovechange, Artezh.

Art. O The effects of drinking! I could e'ne curſe my own kindneſs, that am ready ſtill to make more of him, than he does of me.

Love. Why don't you then?

Art. What Sir, I warrant you'd make him a Cuckold.

Love. 'Tis only giving a friend leave to do you a pleaſure in earneſt, which you made me make him believe I would do: the truth is, I do now love you heartily, and have dallied my ſelf into a flame.

Art. Nay, Mr. *Lovechange*, you were ever kind, but are you as well arm'd as you uſed to go if he ſhould prove ſtubborn: now 'twill work. [*Aſide.*

Love. No faith, I muſt truſt to my ſingle valour; come, demur not, let me enjoy thoſe forbidden ſweets, be aſſured my ſecreſie is as firm as Night and Locks.

Art. Secreſie, Mr. *Lovechange*, no, I'le be open to all the world, nor will I diſtinguiſh places, dark or light, 'tis all one to me, were it before my Huſbands face.

Love. Hear then, he ſleeps ſecurely, never dreaming of any Foreheads arming.

Art. Fie Sir, you are ſuch a tempter, pray forbear, many a woman would not hold out ſo long.

Love. Conſent then ſweet Lady, and we'll to it ſtraight.

Jeff. (*Snores*) Ware Horns there.

Love. O miſchief! what noiſe has waked him?

Art. An infirmity he has got to talk in his ſleep: nay, I aſſure you, he will riſe ſometimes, and do the office of a waking man in his dream, and not know of it in the morning.

Jeff. Room for a Head man of the Pariſh, a Monſter of his Wives making.

Art. O wicked man! he dreams now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Love. Pray *Jove* it be no counterfeit. [*Sir* Jeff. *pulls* Love. *by the ears.*

Jeff. And have I taken you Sir *Lancelot*? would you be billing with my *Guinivere*? *Love.* Help to pull him off, Madam.

Jeff. For this attempt King *Arthur* does degrade thee, from a Knight of his Round Table, to be a Squire of his VVives Body; ſo conduct me to my Bed, where I will beget a Race of VVarriours ſhall Cage the *Great Turk* again! and reſtore *Conſtantinople* to the Emperour.

Love. You miſtake: Oh! 'uds death, my Perriwig is not a Turbant.

Jeff. Peace follows Victory, now let me reſt.

Art. Pray Sir forgive him, I dare undertake he'll be ſorry when he wakes, if any thing I can do can make amends. [*Smiles aſide.*

Love. Prove his dream true, when the ſmart's over I ſhall forget.

Enter

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Madam, some Ladies in the house are not well, and desire your assistance.

Jeff. VVho wants assistance? who breaks the Kings Peace? fetch me a Constables Staff. *Love.* He'll dream again, had I best stay?

Art. Now Drunkard, are you recover'd yet?

Jeff. VVhat, Mr. *Lovechange*, and my Wife, where's the rest of your Company?

Art. Gone, being weary of such a Sot as you are, to be drunk so early: I had done well to have served you in your own kind; here was Company enough to have brought me home, and some not far off that used me kindly, whilst you snorted to fright the Fleas, and dream perhaps some wickedness of me.

Jeff. Come, come, I'le buy my pardon with a new Gown, and a journey into the Country for a Month.

Art. You know I am easie to be wrought upon.

Tap. Will you discharge Mr. *Lovechange?*

Love. Not so willingly, though I value it not; no revenge of this dreaming Fox: what is the Reckoning? *Tap.* Nine and eleven pence.

Jeff. How's that? let's have the particulars, Mr. *Lovechange* shall know how he parts with his money. *Love.* Shall he so, kind Sir?

Tap. Why Sir, Cakes two shillings, Ale as much, a quart of mortified Claret eighteen pence, stew'd Pruens a shilling. *Art.* That's too dear.

Tap. Truly they cost a peny a pound of the one-handed Costermonger, out of his Wives Fish Basket; a quart of Cream half a Crown.

Love. That's excessive.

Tap. Not if you consider how many Carriers Eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the charge of Isinglass, and other ingredients, to make Cream of the sour milk.

Art. All this does not amount to what you demand.

Tap. I can make more, two three peny Papers of Sugar a shilling, than you had bread Sir.

Jeff. Yes, and drink too Sir, my head takes notice of that.

Tap. 'Tis granted Sir, a pound of Sausages, and forty other things, make it right, our Bar never errs.

Love. This can't be, I'le talk with your Mistress my self. [*Exit.*

Jeff. I, do Sir, know what you do, put it to her Conscience.

Art. Owl, when do you think he'll find that, she's too deep for you or him either; prethee talk sense.

Jeff. No matter, he'll pay all; where is he Tapster? *Tap.* Gone *Sir.*

Jeff. How, gone! give me my *S*word and Belt.

Tap. I must have the Reckoning first.

Jeff. Must I pay, must I?

Art. This revenge he took for your beating him in your sleep; I warrant you never dreamt of all this now.

Jeff.

Jeff. Has he ſuch tricks? well, 'tis no matter, 'tis but a large Groat for ebing drunk. Here *Sirrah*. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Tap. You'r welcome *Sir*, ſome profit comes from hence,
I have o're-reckon'd nine and twenty pence.

Enter Iſabella, Anthony.

Ant. My Maſter muſt have a fair Courſe with you; and ſo he bid me tell you, beſides what other kindneſſes he will do for you: but ſtuff your Pannier, he's reſolved to do.

Iſa. Ah *Anthony!* why ſhould his luſtful thoughts be bent at me? ſome timely Guardian Angel reſcue me from his foul intent.

Ant. A Pox of this whining; what an unreaſonable thing you are? there's hardly a quarter in the houſe that you may not reſt your limbs in; and becauſe he has a mind to tire himſelf in one quarter of yours, you count your ſelf ill uſed.

Iſa. When time gives me a more fair way of opening my ſelf to the world, I'le gratifie thee, if you will but contrive or help to avoid this ſnare deſign'd for my ruine.

Ant. Why, is not this pretty? ſhe refuſes the thoughts of my Maſters ſingly opening of her; yet in a breath, ſhe ſays ſhe'll do it to all the world.

Iſa. I muſt confeſs I am a ſtranger, and have ſtragled to this houſe, and have received my Lady *Jolts* protection, but yet in return of their bounty I would not ſhipwrack my Fame: where's *Margery*? I'le ſtraight conſult with her about it.

Ant. I know what ſhe'll ſay, Pox on him for a Baudy Knight; nay, and very likely call him Cuckold too, for ſhe is pretty well acquainted with the Conſtitution of my Ladies longings; but ſince I find thou haſt that out-of-faſhion quality in thee, Honeſty, I'le aſſiſt thee, and ſave thy Mouſe-trap from being baited with Sir *Jefferies* dry Cheeſe.

Iſa. O how ſhall I give thee thanks faſt enough!

Ant. (*Aſide*) Not a word; I am afraid ſhe's fallen in love with me, and will come on with a powder when ſhe falls to: ſo to ſecure all, I'le tell my Lady to ſpoil him, and fill my Belly ſoundly to fill hers: Mrs. *Iſabella*, I'le not forget you, adieu. [*Exit.*

Enter Wenchlove *and* Margery.

Marg. You are informed how I have deſign'd the matter; that is, I muſt be brought to your Lodging in a Basket, as ſome Moveable Commodity for your ſpecial uſe; my Maſter is coming this way, therefore about your occaſions, I'le be at your Chamber inſtantly.

Wen. Well, pretty Maid, I will not doubt your performing your promiſe: to ſay any more, were but to retard my joys; I'le fly to my Lodging, where in the dear expectation of your coming I'le languiſh, not to be revived but by your ſweet ſight: ſo ſweet Miſtreſs adieu. [*Exit.*

Iſa. Oh unkind Wench! haſt thou forgot thy *Iſabella*, and all thy Vows and deſperate Proteſtations?

I muſt try the event, Diſpair may bring
A good ſucceſs to an indifferent thing.

Enter

Enter Lovechange.

Marg. Since we have agreed no way but that can be ſafe, therefore in that great Basket within be you packt up, and directed to me, I'le find out an excuſe for my not ſhowing you, I need not ſay any more.

Iſa. Ha, my Brother with *Margery* too! what can this whiſpering mean?

Love. Pox on't, I do love this Wench; but if I can eat a Meal *gratis*, 'tis better than to have that Bug-bear Marriage for an everlaſting ſtanding Diſh: I'le try all ways, if this fail, then I'le take her for better or for worſe: Well, into the Basket I go, be as ſpeedy as you can. [*Exit.*

Marg. I'le be there ſtraight.

Iſa. O *Margery*! thy inſtant help, or I am moſt miſerable.

Marg. Hold, I know your grief, Sir *Jeffery*, is the cauſe, I heard him a dealing with *Anthony* about it, but I can blow that off with eaſe; make him an appointment, the time, place, and dreſs, and then let me alone to compleat the Comedy.

Iſa. Thou haſt mitigated my paſſion with thy promis'd aſſiſtance; but what ſaid my Brother to thee?

Marg. Your Brother; who's your Brother?

Iſa. Vertuous Maid, I'le relie on thy ſecreſie, Mr. *Lovechange* is the man, but conceal it till your Plot has had its ſcope, then I'le diſcover more.

Marg. Ha! you Miſtreſs *Iſabella Lovechange*, and I not peep into you till now; 'tis ſhe: well, ſince you have told me one thing, then I'le tell you another to requite you, I love Mr. *Lovechange* your Brother.

Iſa. Love my Brother, O beware!

Marg. If my Beauty, which has been flattered for a taking one, can win upon his deſires, I'le ſoon work him to what I pleaſe; nay, rather than the Project fail, he ſhall enjoy; but fairly, I have another diſcovery, but that's for the cloſing pin.

Iſa. Well, as to your love of my Brother, I'le joyn with you when things are ripe, I have but one doubt.

Marg. What may be that I am not a Gentlewoman, you ſhall know that there's many a Gentlewoman has ſtroakt the Dug: Hark, I hear *Wenchlove* I muſt retire, call for the Basket, all ſhall be well. [*Exit.*

Iſa. I'le force my paſſion for once, here's the Gentleman: hold Heart, can he be ſo near, and I not reproach him? [Wench. *to them.*

Enter two men carrying a Basket, Lovechange *in't.*

Wen. Now Wench, is all ready?

Iſa. I have packt her up like a Dormouſe in a Box, I warrant you for hurting her.

Wen. 'Tis a good Wench, I'le give thee a fine Petticoat for this.

Iſa. I thank you Sir; when you are a weary of my Miſtreſs, and caſt her off, as I know you muſt have change, you ſhall have my Maidenhead at the ſame rate; if you pleaſe, I'le keep it for you.

Wen. With all my heart.

Iſa. Pray uſe her ne're the worſe for my promiſe.

Wen. The

Wen. The better I'le turn her off within this fortnight, and ſend for thee.

Iſa. O Sir! 'tis not fit a Servant ſhould ſhift her Miſtreſſes Plate before the Bones are clean pickt; you have Fleſh enough to hold out a Month.

Wen. It ſhall be a Month then.

Iſa. Pray Sir let me ask you one queſtion. *Wen.* Quickly then.

Iſa. How many Maidenheads have you bought thus?

Wen. Some nineteen with thy Miſtreſs.

Iſa. Pray let me make up the ſcore an even reckoning.

Wen. It ſhall, it ſhall; go away with your burthen-fellows, farewell Wench. [*Exit* Wenchlove, *Basket.*

Enter Margery.

Marg Now *Miſtreſs*, what think you of it? have not I taken a courſe to let the Blades find their errour?

Iſa. Now I am inſtructed wholly to commend your Vertue, and ſteer my courſe by your example; 'tis time to be gone, Luſt is a guilded Pill,

It mocks the Senſe with pleaſure, but at laſt,
The ſhining out-ſide leaves a bitter taſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Jeffery *and* Anthony.

Jeff. And is ſhe reſolved? ſhall I enter the Port ſecurely?

Ant. The Harbour is deep, yet the water flows but ſeldome, the paſſage free from drownding: But ſhould my Lady know this.

Jeff. Oh, ne're fear that, ſhe has had her fling, and ſtill ſhe bobs me with it, only deviſes to try me.

Ant. She has try'd you too much her own way, I believe therefore I think ſhe need not doubt you now with any other: but the Plot is thus; the Young Sinner that muſt be, if you can make her ſo, will come like *Mother Red Cap* to buy Malt of you; then take her into the Counting Houſe, and try what Figure you can bring her to; a Cypher you need not fear, and the round O is the compleating of your ſum.

Jeff. Anthony, I'le give thee *Margery* for this exploit, but you muſt be very careful my Wife take not the ſent.

Ant. I'le ſet a naked man in her way Sir, that will imploy her longer than you will be playing the blunt Prize of dried *Mary-bones*, and young *Coney-skins*. *Enter* Wenchlove, *two Men*, *a Basket.*

Man. I'le vow 'tis heavy. *Wen.* That's ſtrange, and ſhe a light Wench.

Man. You ſay true Sir, 'tis enough to break ones back.

VVen. His miſtake hits upon truth, teſt you a while then, O witty Luxury! how it accutes invention, makes barren faculties beget new iſſues of rare conceipts: Pox on't, here's Sir *Jeffery Jolt*, he'll certainly ſtop me: Oh how I long to ſee how ſhe looks after this cloſe confinement! ſhe thinks to have me cloſer anon, and ſo ſhe ſhall.

Jeff. O *Tony*! ſo there's *VVenchlove*, what muſt we do with him?

Ant. Well enough, he's upon the like deſign, ſee what's in the Basket.

Jeff. O *Mr. VVenchlove*, what's here? let's ſee, I can't open it; what's in't? what's in't?

VVen.

Wen. Would 'twere his Wife, I'd be revenged for this rudeneſs: let it alone, Sir *Jeffery*, 'tis only a thing that I have a great mind to experiment.

Jeff. Look *Tony*, what ſhall I do now? [*Enter* Art. *like Mother Red Cap.*

Ant. To her, ne're mind him, ne're mind him: now 'ware a Storm.

Jeff. 'Tis needleſs to trifle time, I love, and muſt enjoy thee.

Art. Oh fie Sir! what will your Lady ſay to this, if we be catch'd?

Jeff. Fear not that, good Cuckquean, ſhe'll ne're think of ſuch a thing.

Wen. What, *Mother Red Cap*? how goes Cakes and Maidenheads? This is not *Mother Red Cap*: what, my Lady *Jolt*?

Art. Let him ne're ſee my face more. O indignity to my Beauty! die you weak Villain: O me! how ſhall I vent my paſſion?

Love. I can hold out no longer, let me out. [Lovechange *in the Basket.*

Ant. Whence came this voice? what, have you got an Humble Bee in your Basket, or a Fleſh Fly? [*Comes out.*

Love. 'Uds death, I have been ſufficiently mortifi'd. *Wen.* How came all this?

Love. I'le tell you, bargaining for a little pleaſure with a young Gentlewoman, whom I thought to be a Wanton, ſhe ingaged me in this Adventure to come to her.

Wen. Pox on't, I am baffled in the ſame Nooſe, I expected her to be in the Basket: Oh! where is this witty Contriver?

Marg. Here Sirs, and am come to laugh at all your follies; for I know Sir *Jeffery* is in the ſame Labyrinth: but we muſt make all well again, for he was ſet on by *Tony*, and me; but he and ſhe thought it true, Madam *Jolt* is privy to all this.

Art. 'Tis truth, *Jeff.* this I'le forgive, but no more, if you do, I go to work: Now Girls, if you were well fitted, a Husband is the leaſt you can expect; and now *Margery* I'le diſcover, you was my Brothers Daughter, put to me to conceal for a time, the reaſons beſt known to my ſelf.

Iſa. To avoid prolixity, ſee *Iſabella*, who ever had a Chaſt Flame for this wild *Wenchlove*, and *Margery* for you.

Love. Then by joynt conſent we'll end the day with mirth: to *Pancras*, and be marri'd ſtraight; Siſter, I am glad I have found you in no worſe Company.

Wen. Then vertuous *Iſabella*, do you forget what Heats of Youth has made me guilty of, and I'le remember to be ever juſt to you.

Love. And thou, *Margery*, deſerveſt more than I can ever repay or expreſs.

Marg. Let me have but all you can do, and I'le never complain.

Ant. No, 'tis I muſt complain, that thought to have had *Margery* inſtead of my wages: but for this trick, the next Maid that comes, down ſhe goes, after once ſhe has dropt a Duck to my Lady.

Art. You ſee, Gallants, what ſucceſs attends your Enterprize.
Henceforth account not every lively Wife
Wanton, becauſe ſhe lives a merry life.

Jeff. So here's a double comfort, being wedded,
She's neither falſe, nor am I jealous headed. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The PROLOGUE.

You'r not t' expect from hence the Modish sport,
Abusing either City, or the Court:
The Poet's mannerly, and cautious too,
And neither will affront himself, nor you.
'Faith, both are needless, since 'tis done each day,
By you who judge, and him who writes a Play:
Nor does he Controversies set afoot,
But thinks it better if none else wou'd do't;
Nor tells you what Religion he is on;
May be, like some of you, he is of none:
You'r easily pleas'd, and please the Poets too,
Now that the Criticks have no more to do:
The Devil's in them that censure Farce *and* Show;
Who'd be a Poet then, at least to you?
Who, when he writes, is fool and Coward too.
How do you murther men of that Profession?
There's hardly one that ever scapes a Session:
For once be courteous to a Country Muse
Untaught, such Tricks the Wits of London *use;*
And in short time, he may find out the way
To write fine Poppet Plays as well as they.

The EPILOGUE.

And how? and how? Gallants, what is't but so?
Our Female Sex abhors short things, we know.
But tell me, 'Faith, is it not better far
To ride in Flying Coach, than Droniſh Car?
Great Theaters, like Husbands cloy'd, move on,
Without long preparation nothing's done;
We finish thrice, e're they have once begun.
One bout for Broths and Jelly cost you there
More than would buy six merry Pushes here;
Nay, to oblige you, we'll truck Ware for Ware.
Tell me, good Housewifes, is not the pleasure more, when Butter quickly comes,
Than to be three long hours a jogging of your Bums.
To you, Gallants, our sport no trouble brings,
All your delight we know's in little things:
Likewise we so unconscionable are,
We covet to enjoy you only here:
Yet for variety, try all the rest,
That will convince you our things are the best.
See us again when you have roam'd your fill,
And, like good Wives, we'll make you welcome still.

LOVE LOST
IN
THE DARK;
OR, THE
Drunken Couple.
ACTED AT
NEW-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for *Dan. Browne* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, *Dan. Major* at the *Hand* and *Scepter* over against S. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*, and *James Vade* at the *Cock* and *Sugar Loaf* near S. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*. 1680.

Actors Names.

Adorio, a Libertine beloved by *Caliſta*.
Camillo, Lover of *Caliſta*.
Callandrino the Clown, his Man.

VVomen.

Caliſta, a vertuous young Lady in love with *Adorio*.
Mittilla, her Maid, in love with *Adorio*.
Muggulla, the Nurſe.

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ACT I.

Enter Calandrino, *and* Muggulla.

Cal. MAdam *Muggulla*, you moſt joyfully are met to pleaſure me.

Mug. It may be ſo; I us'd to pleaſure many: here lies my way; I do beſeech you, Sir, keep your own Voyage.

Cal. Nay, be not ſo ſhort, I muſt with you.

Mug. With me! I pray *Sir*; what, what Sir, do you ſee in me?

Cal. Do not miſtake me, dear Beauty, nothing but honeſty i'faith.

Mug. Hang honeſty, Trump not me up with honeſty: do you mark Sir, I have a charge, and a ſpecial charge Sir, and 'tis not honeſty can win on me Sir. *Cal.* Prethee conceive me rightly. *Mug.* I conceive you.

Cal. But underſtand.

Mug. I will not underſtand, I cannot, nor I do not underſtand.

Cal. But prethee *Muggulla*, let my young Maſter *Camillo* ſee thy Miſtreſs; but look upon her, and do you ſtand by.

Mug. How's this? ſhall I ſtand by? what do you think of me? Now by the vertue of the place I hold, you are a paltry Squire to tempt my truſt thus; I am no *Helen* to be defloured of my Loyalty, by your fair language.

Cal. You miſtake me ſtill.

Mug. It may be my place will bear me out in't, and will miſtake you ſtill, make your beſt on't. *Cal.* A Pox upon you, let him but have a glance at her.

Mug. The Devil's in you, he ſhall never ſee her.

Cal. This is a Croan in grain; thou art ſo teſty, prethee take breath, and know thy friends.

Mug. I will not: I have no friends, nor will I have any this way: but now I call to mind, why will he ſee her?

Cal. Becauſe ſhe loves him woundily, and he loves her totally.

Mug. She hates him damnably, moſt wickedly, take that upon my word, and ſwears her eyes are ſick when they ſee him: how fearfully have I heard her rail againſt him, and caſt, and rail again? call for hot waters, and then rail again?

Cal. I'le believe a Witch that has been nine years dead, before this.

Mug. I have heard her ſwear, that he is the beaſtlieſt man: what a grief muſt this be? Sir-reverence of the Company, a rank Whoremaſter, ten Livery Whores, ſhe aſſur'd me on her Credit, with weeping eyes ſhe ſpoke it,

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and ſeven Citizens Wives, beſides all Volunteers that ſerve under him, and of all Countries. *Cal.* The Devil never father'd ſuch a Lye.

Mug. Beſides, he is ſo careleſs of his body, which is a foul fault in him.

Cal. Come, leave fooling, 'tis a meer Fable drawn from thy Ancient Vertues; may be 'tis her Maid is angry with him, becauſe he woo'd her with his Honour; and you miſtake.

Mug. She hates him very well too, but her Miſtreſs hates him heartily: Look upon him! on my Conſcience ſhe would ſee the Devil firſt, with eyes as big as Saucers; when I but nam'd him, ſhe lept back thirty foot.

Cal. That's a lye by five and twenty.

Mug. If once ſhe ſmell him, (for certainly he is rank, ſhe ſays extreme rank, and the wind ſtands with him ſo) ſhe's gone for ever.

Cal. For all this he ſhall ſee her, and give her ſuch a heat, that the Hoegoe of her Conſtitution ſhall perfume his Chamber for two long hours after.

Mug. Has he any new eyes when thoſe are ſcratcht out, or a Noſe to clap on warm? Is he proof againſt a Piſs-pot? which if they bid me, I muſt throw upon him. *Cal.* Well then, a Devil take you, he ſhall not ſee her.

Mug. His Dam coddle you for his Supper, if he do.

Cal. Then be ſo far his friend, good parch'd-handed *Muggulla*, as to give her this Letter, and leave thy pleaſant lying, or leave it in her Pocket, there's no harm in it, do't, and I'le take thee up a Petticoat.

Mug. Take up my Petticoat, I ſcorn the motion, I ſcorn it with my heels, take up my Petticoat.

Cal. And ſo hot, Reverent *Muggull*.

Mug. Sir, you ſhall find me hotter, if you take up my Petticoat.

Cal. I'le give you a new Petticoat.

Mug. I ſcorn your gift, give your Maſters old Boots, you give a Petticoat: Alas, you're too young Sir, you are too young to circumcize me that way; take up my Petticoat, I am a woman, a Gentlewoman, a woman of another way; he that takes up my Petticoat, ſhall have enough to do I warrant him; I would fain ſee the proudeſt of you all dare to do it.

Cal. Still miſtakes: what a Pox do you look at the wrong end of the Proſpective Glaſs.

Mug. Petticoat! you ſhew now what you are; but do your worſt Sir.

Cal. A Wild-fire take thee, what ails thee?

Mug. I ask no favour of you, and ſo I leave you; and withall, I charge you in my own name; for I would have you know, that in this place I repreſent my Ladies Perſon.

Cal. The Devil could not have pickt out ſuch a Repreſentative.

Mug. Upon your life do not dare to follow me; for if you do, I know you have a ſtanding that way: but if you do, look to't, look to't. [*Exit.*

Cal. Go, and the Pox go with thee, if thou haſt ſo much moyſture as to receive it; for thou wilt have 'um, though a Horſe beſtow 'um; I muſt deviſe a way, for he muſt ſee her, and very ſuddenly; and Madam Petticoat, it all the wit I have, and this can do, I'le make you ſell your charge and your place. But here they come. *Enter*

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Caliſta, Mirtella.

Cam. I know I wrong my modeſty.

Ado. And wrong me in being ſo importunate, for that I neither can nor muſt grant.

Cal. A hard ſentence from him, I have choſen my Judge: Alas Sir, did I approach you with unchaſt Deſires, a ſullied Reputation, or were deform'd, as it may be I am, though many affirm I am ſomething more than handſome.

Cam. I dare ſwear it.

Cal. Or if I were no Gentlewoman, and breed courteſie, you might with ſome pretence of reaſon ſlight what you ſhould ſue for.

Ador. I'm ſure I ſhould; the Fleas are curſed troubleſome: Hey day! there's a Legion of young *Cupids* in my Breeches.

Cal. Pray Sir, name my defects; when once convinced, I trouble you no further.

Ado. Then I will bluntly and truly tell you, you are too honeſt (a noted Libertine I profeſs my ſelf) and talk too ſoon of Marriage: Can I part with my uncurbed liberty, and on my Neck wear ſuch a heavy Yoak? No, let crooked Hams, declining Shoulders, furrow'd Cheeks, be aw'd by Ceremonies; if you love me in the way young people ſhould, I'le fly to meet you, and we'll meet merrily.

Cal. 'Tis ſtrange ſuch a man can uſe ſuch language.

Ado. My tongue ſpeaks my heart freely: Fair one, think on't, a cloſe or private Miſtreſs is Court Rhetorick; a Wife is a meer ruſtick device; and ſo good morrow. *Cam.* How like you this, *Calandrino*?

Cal. A well-bred Gentleman; I am now thinking whether or no in the dark, or drunk, I formerly might not have met his Mother; he muſt have ſome drops of my blood in him, for at his years I was much of his Religion.

Ado. You may perceive I ſeek not to diſplant you, where you deſire to grow; for further thanks, 'tis needleſs complement. [Cam. *ſtops him.*

Cam. Only your patience one moment.

Ado. Sir, be brief then. *Mirt.* Pray, obſerve. [Cam. *ſhrugs, makes faces.*

Cal. How he looks like a School-boy that has plaid the Truant, and went to be Breeched. *Cam.* Madam.

Cal. A new affliction; after all this preparation, I am obliged to hear you.

Cam. Madam --- while I at all parts (without boaſt) his Equal, in vain purſue you, you follow one that with winged feet flies from you, and attempts to undermine the Fortreſs of your Honour; nay, and more, your Virgin Honour.

Ado. My friend *Camillo* here's an Aſs; what a Devil has he to do with Virgin Honour? when he ſhould ſpeak to the purpoſe, of the delight to meet in the old Dance between a pair of ſheets, my Granam calls it the peopling of the World.

Cal. To vindicate my Honour, is needleſs; I don't fear the worſt aſperſion malice can throw upon it.

Cam. Can you undergo the ſcorn of being refuſed, for which I deeply ſuffer?

ſuffer? I muſt confeſs it makes for my ends; but his ills ſhan't make way for my good intents.

Ado. You take that Sir, which yet I never granted.

Cam. Calandrino, ſtand to me, I'le force more, Sir; was ſhe, this excellent ſhe, mad to be a ſlave to your luſts, and uſed as Phyſick after drunken Surfeits? mankind muſt riſe againſt thee, muſt we not, *Callandrino?*

Cal. I, I, come, come, mankind muſt riſe about it.

[Camillo *draws.* Callandrino.

Caliſt. Murther! *Mirt.* Help!

Cal. Nay, nay, ſtand ſtill, or you'r diſabled for ever. *Ado.* 'Uds death.

Cal. After a whining Prologue, who would look for ſuch a rough Cataſtrophe? nay, come Sir, fear nothing; and do you hear Sir, yet I love you too; if you take the Wench now, I'le poſt it firſt, then Chronicle you were beaten to't.

Ado. A memorable piece of valour this between you; it may perhaps deſerve her Shooe-ſtring for a Favour; wear it without my envy, but expect for this affront, when time ſerves, I ſhall call you to a ſtrict account. [*Exit.*

Cal. Nay, let him go to thy Miſtreſs Boy; if I were in thy ſhirt, how I could nick it?

Cam. Madam, I fear my paſſion has offended; 'twas my exceſs of love to do you right.

Caliſt. You have ſought my favours Nobly, and I am juſtly puniſhed in wild *Adorio's* contempt and ſcorn: more I cannot ſay, but that I truly pity you, and wiſh you a better choice, which in my prayers, *Camillo*, I ever will remember. [*Exit.*

Cal. 'Tis a ſweet Rogue, what Thunder-ſtruck!

Cam. I am not ſo happy: O that I were but Maſter of my ſelf, you ſhould ſoon find me nothing. *Cal.* What would you do?

Cam. With one ſtab give a fatal period to my woes and life together.

Cal. For a Woman, better the Kind were loſt, and Generation maintained a new way. *Cam.* Yet all this is nothing to *Caliſta.*

Cal. Down into the Country amongſt your Tenants, there you ſhall command twenty *Caliſta's*, for every night a freſh and luſty one, Nut-brown wholeſome Girles, I have bred 'um to it; ſhould their Fathers murmure, ſtraight his Leaſe is void.

Cam. Hang thee, and thy folly, come away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caliſta, Mirtilla, *and* Muggulla.

Mug. Cenſur'd, Madam! what Lord or Lady lives worthy to ſit a competent Judge on you?

Caliſt. Yet black detraction will find faults, when there are none.

Mug. Her foul mouth is ſtopt; you being the Object, reſt ſecure of this, all the Braveries of the City run mad for you: Come, come, 'tis nothing for you, being a ſimple Maid, that never had a hand in the Honey-pot of Pleaſure, to forbear it: but ſuch as have lickt there, and lickt there often, and felt the ſweetneſs, will—

Mirt.

Mirt. How her mouth runs o're with the rank imagination?

Mug. If ſuch can, as I nam'd before, the Kickſhaw being offered, refuſe to take it, they may be Sainted, though for my part I don't think it poſſible to be deni'd.

Cal. Not ſtir abroad, the uſe and pleaſure of my eyes denied me?

Mirt. Inſufferable! *Cal.* Nor write, nor yet receive an amorous Letter?

Mirt. Not to be endured. *Cal.* Nor look upon a man?

Mug. Flat tyranny, inſupportoble tyranny to a Lady of young blood.

Cal. She is my Mother that commands it, how ſhall I decline it?

Mirt. Run away, take any courſe.

Cal. But without means, how ſhall we live?

Mug. What a queſtion's that? as if a Buckſome Lady could want maintenance in any place in the world where there are men, wine, meat or money ſtirring.

Cal. Rather than in a thought or dream, I'le conſent to ought that may take from myHonour, I'le endure more than my Mother can impoſe upon me.

Mug. I grant your Honour is a glorious dreſſing, but without converſation of men a kind of nothing; ſhe may as well command you when you are a hungry not to eat, or drink, or ſleep; and yet all theſe are eaſie, compar'd to the not ſeeing of a man: I will not urge *Camillo*'s love, but make tryal of *Adorio*. *Cal.* And give my Honour to his luſt.

Mug. There's no ſuch thing intended, Madam; yet now I think on't, write to 'um both, catch one faſt, and then throw the other in *Mirtilla*'s mouth.

Cal. 'Tis a buſineſs to be conſidered on.

Mug. When the ſatisfaction of your love's in queſtion, to talk of conſideration is of no moment; if your Mother would allow you a Dancer in the morning to well-breath you, a Songſter in the afternoon to open your Pipes, a Servant to air you in the evening, you might bear it; but not to ſee, or talk, or touch a man, O abominable!

Cal. Do not my bluſhes ſpeak how willingly I would aſſent?

Mirt. Do ſomething, Madam, to deſerve 'um, and bluſh after.

Mug. I, I, do ſomething as *Mirtilla*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Camillo; Callandrino *meets him.*

Cal. SIr, Sir, are you ready?

Cam. To do what? I am ſure 'tis not yet Dinner time.

Cal. True; but I uſher ſuch a dainty bit for Breakfaſt, as yet I never cook'd; 'tis not Potargo, fri'd Frogs, Potato's marrow'd, Cavier, Carps Tongues, the Pith of an Engliſh Chine of Beef, nor the Italian oyled Muſhroom, and yet a drawer on too; and if you ſhow not an appetite, and a ſtrong one, I'le not ſay to eat, but devour it, without Grace too, for it will

not ſtay a Preface: I am ſhamed, and all my provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Cam. Art thou in thy wits? what new-found Rarity haſt thou diſcover'd?

Cal. No ſuch matter Sir, it grows in our own Country Sir.

Cam. Leave prating, and ſerve it up Sirrah, bring in your dainty.

Cal. 'Twill bring in it ſelf, it has life and ſpirit in't, and for proof: Behold now, fall to boldly, my life on't it comes to be taſted.

Enter Mirtilla *with a Letter and a Ring.*

Cam. Ha! *Caliſta*'s Maid; you'r welcom fair one, aims your deſigns at me?

Mrt. I am truſted with a buſineſs of conſequence, which I would to your private ear deliver.

Cal. I told you ſo, give her Audience on your Couch, 'tis a fit State for ſuch an Ambaſſadreſs; diſpatch firſt for your Honour, you know what follows. *Cam.* Come Sir, will you pleaſe to vaniſh, or I'le—

Cal. O Sir! pray don't; O Sir! pray don't forget how you us'd your Taylors Daughter when ſhe brought you home a Stomacher to keep your Breaſt warm. [Exit *running.*

Cam. Now, pretty one, your pleaſure, you ſhall find me ready to ſerve you; if you'l put me to my Oath, I'le take it upon this Book.

Mirt. O Sir, the favour is too great, and far above my poor ambition; I muſt kiſs your hand in ſign of humble thankfulneſs.

Cam. So modeſt.

Mirt. It well becomes us Maids Sir, ſpare thoſe bleſſings for my Noble Miſtreſs, this ſpeaks her chaſt deſires with this Ring.

Cam. Oh the powerful Charms by that fair hand ſet down, Heaven be pleaſed to qualifie this exceſs of happineſs, or I ſhall expire with a Surfeit of felicity! with what art the cunning *Lapidary* has here expreſt the Rape of *Proſerpine*; I apprehend her purpoſe, and oblige it, yet not as a helping friend, but a Husband; I will meet her Vertues flame with a lawful heat, and warm our Hymenical Sheets with ſuch delights as leave no Sting behind 'um.

Mirt. You ſpeak well, and I believe you. *Cam.* Would you ought elſe?

Mirt. I would carry ſome Love-ſign to her, and now I think on't, the kind ſalute you offer'd me at your entrance, hold it not impudence that I deſire it, I'le faithfully deliver it.

Cam. A kiſs; you muſt excuſe me, I was then my own, now wholly hers; but there's Gold to bind thee ſtill my Advocate, I'le not fail the appointed time. [*Exit.*

Mirt. Not a kiſs; I was coy when it was offered; and now juſtly, when I begged one, am deni'd.

If I catch either ſtill my game's well plaid,
But if I miſs I'm with repentance paid. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adorio *and* Muggulla.

Ado. You are miſtaken, I cannot be the man you are ſent to.

Mug. Not you the man, you are the man of men, and ſuch another in my Ladies eye never to be diſcover'd.

Ado.

Ado. I am a meer ſtranger to thee,—or will at leaſt ſeem ſo. [*Aſide.*

Mug. Still the more probable, ſince Ladies as you know affect ſtrange dainties: this is not an Age in which Saints live, but women, knowing women. *Ado.* As moſt are at a coupling age.

Mug. Why Sir do you Gallants travel, but at their returns to diſcourſe the difference in forreign Females; as the luſty Girl of *France*, the ſober *German*, the plump *Dutch Fro*, the ſtately Dame of *Spain*, the *Roman* and ſpritely *Tuſcan*, the merry *Venetian* Curtizan, the *Engliſh* fair Companion, that learns ſomething from every Nation, and will fly at all.

Ado. But may I ask without offence your gravity, what Title your Lady bears in this City?

Mug. If you were true Town-bred, you would do the buſineſs firſt, and ask that after: Sir, ſhe's no Half-crown Trader, nor no Beldam ſo frozen up, a Feaver can't thaw her.

Ado. Leave this impertinence, and come to the matter.

Mug. Impertinence! what my Granams Cat left in the Mault in Impertinence teeth; if it be impertinent to ſay her Name's *Caliſta*, God buy to you, and your impertinence too.

Ado. Oh I have heard of her, for Chaſtity and Beauty the wonder of the age!

Mug. Pray not too much of that Sir, fair and free, I'le ſubſcribe too, and you'l find her ſo.

Ado. This can't be *Caliſta*, your covering your foul ends with a fair name, gives me juſt reaſon to ſuſpect you have a plot upon my life.

Mug. A Plot! very fine; nay 'tis a dangerous one, beware on't: I plot to bring you in a minutes ſpace to thoſe a man of Snow would ride a thouſand miles for; you ſhall be received by one whoſe touch would make old *Neſtor* young: a terrible plot, a kiſs then raviſh'd from you by ſuch lips as flow with *Nectar*, a juicy palm to guide you ſafe to a private room; but I almoſt forget, to make the plot more horrid, the retiring Bout, the ſilver bathing Tub, the Cambrick Rubbers, the imbroidered Quilt, a Bed of Jeſſemine and Damask Roſes, a meer Powder-plot to blow you up: and laſt of all, a Bedfellow, to whoſe rare entertainment all theſe are but fools.

Ado. No more, her breath would warm an Eunuch.

Mug. I knew I ſhould heat him.

Ado. I am fleſh and blood, your motion I approve, I'le come.

Mug. My plot's on your life, a baſe and dangerous woman, farewel Sir.

Ado. I will along too, come pardon my ſuſpition; hear, hear, you ſhall.

Mug. I am good-natur'd, you may do what you will with me, at twelve I'le be your Convoy. *Ado.* I deſire not better. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caliſta, Mirtilla.

Cal. How do you like my Gown? *Mirt.* 'Tis rich, and Court-like.

Cal. My Mother little dreams of my intended flight, and that theſe are my Nuptial Ornaments. *Mirt.* I hope ſo.

Cal. How dully thou anſwereſt? doſt thou envy *Adorio*'s noble change?

Mirt. No Madam, I am a little daunted; how to bear your abſence, that very thought confounds me; to be devore'd from all my comfort, can this be born with patience?

Caliſt. The neceſſity of my fate commands it; but I vow by my *Adorio*'s love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me Madam! a cold charity, you muſt do more, and help me.

Caliſt. Ha! what ſaid you, I muſt; is this fit language for a ſervant?

Mirt. One that would continue your poor ſervant: Can *Mirtilla* ſit mourning alone, imagining thoſe pleaſures which you this bleſſed night enjoy in the imbraces of your Lord, and mine too, in being yours? ſhall a ſtranger ſow you up in a ſheet to guard that Maidenhead you muſt pretend to keep, and 'twill become you? ſhall another do this, and I pine with envy? Pardon me, either let me go with you, or by my life I will diſcover all.

Caliſt. Thou canſt not be ſo treacherous and cruel.

Mirt. Pray don't tempt me, for 'tis reſolved.

Caliſt. Prethee *Mirtilla* be not ſo violent, I am ſo taken with thy affection to me, I will ſend for thee. *Mirt* When?

Caliſt. This very night, by *Adorio* I will.

Mirt. Forgive my boldneſs paſt, 'twas my zeal to ſerve you.

Caliſt. I thank thee for't. *Mirt.* You'l keep your word.

Caliſt. Still doubtful.

Mirt. Now Fortune play thy game,
It ſhall be hard but I will hit my aim. [*Exit.*

Enter Adorio.

Ado. 'Tis eleven by my Watch, the hour appointed, I hear none ſtirring, ſome curs'd buſineſs keeps her Mother up; I'le walk a little circle, this ſhort delay afflicts me, and I preſume to her it is no pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Enter Camillo, Callandrino.

Cal. What's now to be done? would I were a Bed, I am ſo ſleepy: by this hand I'le break the houſe for you to morrow, and ſhe ſhall be yours by fair or foul means.

Cam. This is the time, I take it, I was ordered by *Mirtilla* to come; ſhe may perhaps, to take the air, open the Caſement.

Cal. Would you were in her Cellar, ſo I were a Bed.

Cam. And looking out, will be a new Star to be gazed on by me with adoration.

Cal. Is not here fine fooling? Pox of gazing, and ſighing, and peeping, and prying; if you muſt go to't, put her to the ſqueak at firſt ſight, and there's an end. [*Within.*

Enter Caliſta, *Mirtilla.*

Caliſt. *Mirtilla.* *Cam.* 'Tis her voice. *Caliſt.* You heard ſome footing.

Mirt. Moſt certainly. *Caliſt* Speak low, my love *Adorio.*

Cam. The darkneſs befriends me now, moſt honour'd Madam: *Adorio*, your ſervant.

Caliſt. If you are ſo, I do commend your ſilence, and this kiſs aſſures you I am wholly yours. [*Exit.*

Cal. Now miſs, and may you be gelt.

Mirt. Madam, think on *Mirtilla.* [*Exit.*

Cal.

Cal. I am the fortunateſt man in theſe night works. [*Exit.*

Enter Adorio.

Ado. This ſlowneſs amazeth me; but here comes ſome body.

Enter Mirtilla.

Mirt. Whether ſhall I fly for ſuccour?

Ado. Theſe arms ſhall be a Caſtle of defence; how her heart beats; take comfort, dear *Caliſta*, *Adorio* loves you, loves you in a Noble way; ſilence becomes you till we are in ſafety.

Mirt. O bleſt errour! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo.

Cam. They have caſt me, and ſay I muſt wait; but I have found ſome of their Cordials may be a provocative that was prepared to inable me to perform the Marriage night-duties, up it goes, be it what it will. I cannot dread any danger where ſhe is: 'tis pleaſant, ſome reſtorative to animate their ſpirits; this nights ramble, with other incumbrances of buſineſs, has almoſt tired me; I feel ſleep apprehending me for my neglect of nature, it is too powerful, I muſt obey. [*Sits down.*

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. 'Uds death, I can't find the ſleepy portion that's prepar'd for my Ladies Mother: What Dormouſe aſleep a ready? much good may women expect from you! what a Devil do you mean to do? my old Lady's coming this way; here's a lump of Sluggard: you lie with a Lady, you lie with a drunken Sow, ſo you will be taken napping; thy Noſe ſhall pay for this.

Enter Caliſta. [Muggulla *within.*

Caliſt. What's the matter you ſtay ſo long? is he fallen aſleep? how *Camillo*, who I took for *Adorio*! wake him, and bid him be gone.

Mug. I muſt carry him on my back then, for any way elſe he is not fit to go: is he not dead? cold by this hand. [*Falls out of the Chair.*

Caliſt. O, O! call in his man, let him remove him; he has got ſome hurt in his night rambles, and comes here to die, to have the ſhame fall upon me.

Enter Calan. Muggulla.

Cal. Stark dead! are you ſure? you have held him at hard ſervice; I'le be hanged if *Muggulla* has not thrown him on his back, for ſhe's an old Swinger at theſe ſports.

Caliſt. Leave your idle diſcourſe, and convey him away.

Mug. Out of the houſe you can't carry him, your Mother muſt ſee it done.

Caliſt. Search him *Calandrino*, if he be not wounded any where.

Cal. O here's a large wound! how it is ſwelled! this muſt, this muſt be cunningly drawn out, ſhould it break, 'twould ſtrangle him: O what a deal of foul matter's here! this has been a long time of gathering: here's a gaſh too in the Rimb of his Belly, it may have matter in't; he was a cholerick man I ſee; what comes from him is as yellow as Gold: how, troubled with the Stone? I'le cut you for this. *His Pocket, then his Purſe.*

Mug. It muſt be ſo, he has drank the ſleepy portion which was deſigned for

for your Mother, ſo that we'll lay him in the great Cheſt in the next Room, may be when he awakes we may have a more fit opportunity to let him out.

Cal. I had rather bury him quick than part with my purchaſe; let his Ghoſt walk, I care not: who's that? where's the Cheſt? I am afraid her calling ſhould wake him. [*Caliſta, Mugg. within.*

Mug. A ſhrill voice, it comes with the wind.

Cal. Then I'le take this way. *Caliſt.* Why, Sir?

Cal. Becauſe I'le truſt my heels before all the winds in the Sky; we are far wiſer than our Granſires were; and thus I'le prove it, they ſay, haſte to the beginning of a feaſt, there I am with 'um; but to the end of a fray, that's Apocryphal, 'tis Canonical, not to come there at all: after a Storm, there are ſtill ſome drops behind.

Mug. Pure fear has made the fool a Philoſopher; come, help away with him.

Cal. He's wondrous heavy, but the Porter's paid, there's the comfort.

[*Lays him in the Cheſt, and falls upon him.*

Caliſt. Away, my Mother will come out.

Cal. Now if he wakes not, I am made for ever;
And if he does, 'twas but a fools endeavour. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Adorio *and* Mirtilla.

Ado. WAs ever man thus croſt?

Mirt. So bleſt I hop't to have been; this is the fineſt wild Chace.

Ado. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A ſhort prayer, that you may find my Lady, your wiſhed-for love, though I am loſt for ever. [Camillo *in the Cheſt.*

Cam. Calandrino, light a Candle, 'tis horrible dark.

Mirt. O me! what's that? from whence could that come?

Ado. I don't know, may be the old Lady has diſcovered our coming.

Cam. Draw the Curtains, I ſay, you Raſcal; what a Devil do you mean to do? *Adorio* will get there before I ſhall come.

Ado. If it be a Spirit, it made uſe of my name; 'tis ſomewhere in the room.

Mirt. I am afraid, yet dare not ſtir, for fear you ſhould be found here.

Cam. Sirrah, I ſay *Caliſta* made the appointment, and would you have me fail her, Rogue, Dog, Devil?

Ado. It muſt be ſome Imp, it has the Devil ſo frequently in's mouth.

Mirt. I tremble to think on't. [*Cheſt.*

Cam. 'Zounds, I'le ſtay for this damn'd Dog no longer. [*Riſes out of the*

Ado. My courage fails me, doubting 'tis not mortal. [*Both run out.*

Mirt. Oh the Devil! the Devil!

Cam. What can this mean? that ſeem'd to be *Adorio* going out; how came I to have this wooden Tenement? this room they left me in; now dare

dare not I call *Muggulla*, becauſe I am ignorant how matters go in the houſe. *Caliſt.* What noiſe was that I heard?

Enter Caliſta.

Cam. Madam, I know not, nor what cauſed it; but I am in as much doubt as they could be in fear, how by what means I was laid in this Cheſt; Providence I muſt ever bleſs that it proves ſo well, ſince you allow on't.

Caliſt. What's this? 'twas neceſſity made me ſo careful of your proceedings; now you'r at liberty, I deſire your abſence.

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla.

Cam. Madam, 'tis ſtrange, but for once I'le withdraw, and render you my hearty thanks for the care you have uſed to preſerve me ſafe, and your own Honour. [*Exit.*

Caliſt. My lov'd *Adorio*, though diſaſterous chance has made me lament thy abſence, it pays me ample ſatisfaction that I am now poſſeſt of thee.

Ado. Away: have you plaid your game with him, and now come to me to retrieve your appetite? I muſt reaſſume my ancient Faith, all Woman-kind is falſe. [*Exit.*

Caliſt. Falſe man, but more treacherous woman, 'tis apparent you joyntly have conſpired againſt my weakneſs, for which expect my juſt angers; reply not. [*Exit.*

Mirt. She commands both, one is enough for me,
If I be falſe, Love is a treachery. [*Exit.*

Enter Calandrino, *a Bottle of Wine.*

Cal. Good ſpeed on all ſides, 'tis main ſtrong Wine: O the yauns that *Muggulla* will make! look to your Stern, dear Miſtreſs, and ſteer right: Stay, let me ſee, I'le try her by thy Noſe firſt, for if ſhe be a right Sow, ſure ſhe'll find it: yonder ſhe comes; O how ſhe holds up her Noſe like a *Jennet* in the wind of a graſs Mare!

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. 'Tis Wine, I'm ſure 'tis Wine, excellent ſtrong Wine, very good Wine; this way too.

Cal. How true ſhe hunts, I'le make the Train a little ſtronger.
[*Spills Wine.*

Mug. Stronger and ſtronger ſtill, ſtill bleſſed Wine.

Cal. Now ſhe hunts hot.

Mug. This way it went ſure.

Cal. Now ſhe's at a cold ſent: O well hunted! that's ſhe! that's ſhe!

Mug. O if I could but ſee it! O what a precious ſent it has! but handle it, and then but taſte it.

Cal. Now I'le come in view.

Mug. Still 'tis ſtronger: *Calandrino*, what haſt thou got there? anſwer to the point man.

Cal. 'Tis Wine, Madam *Muggulla*, ſweet Sweet-wine.

Mug. Is this a drink for *Slaves* to tipple on? dear ſweet Sweet-wine come hither; give me a Bottle thou moſt debauched Drudge.

Cal.

Cal. With no ſmall pains I purchaſed this on purpoſe for you, to ſhew how willing I am to give you all my ſervice.

Mug. I will give thee more: there, kiſs my hand on't.

Cal. I thank you cleanlily for your dirty favour; how rank it ſmells?

Mug. By your leave ſweet Bottle, and ſweet Sweet-wine, I now come to thee, hold your Cap under.

Cal. She ſucks off her ſweet Sweet-wine, ſweet, ſweet, ſweetly: how do you like it?

Mug. Hold up your Cap again Sir, and now come kiſs me: I'le be your friend at a word Sir; come, drink to me.

Cal. I muſt not be too bold with this liquor.

Mug. Here's to thee then; 'tis for thy good, 'tis confeſt; nay, 'tis naught for thee, and may chance to make you break out, and ſpoil thy complexion: 'tis excellent for me, I have a cold Stomach, and the Wine--

Cal. Blows out at both ends.

Mug. Kiſs me again, thou ſhalt kiſs *Caliſta* too: again cheriſh thy lips, I'le ſhow thee all.

Cal. Bleſs my eyes!

Mug. Enter all the ſecrets in my Country Commands, and thou ſhalt be my Heir, and I'le leave thee Heaven knows what.

Cal. I believe ſo; but I ſhall never know.

Mug. Then you ſhall have my Daughters two ſweet Wenches, but you muſt commit with me firſt, and ſhow your ſelf a Gentleman.

Cal. Excellent Miſtreſs *Muggulla*, I thank you heartily.

Mug. And prethee, *Calandrino*, take heed of being overtaken with too much drink, 'tis a lamentable ſin: O 'tis a damnable thing to be drunk, Heaven can't endure it! And hark you, one thing I would have you do, knock my Husband on the Head, for he's an errant Puppy, and cannot perform; why, where the Devil is this fooliſh Bottle?

Cal. O how her Husband would cry, did he know how drunk ſhe will be with this Wine!

Mug. Who's that talks of Wine there?

Cal. I think 'tis your Husband at the door.

Mug. Bring him before me, I'le beat him damnably; nay, break the Bottle about his Pate, then tye it to his Tail, and all the Dogs in the Town ſhall follow him: Come, ſit down, and let us propound a modeſt queſtion, to ſee who is drunkeſt, you or I.

Cal. The very ſent has diſabled me; what's the queſtion?

Mug. Whether *Whitehall* or *Cheapſide* be neareſt *Wheiſtones Park*? or what's the natural reaſon, why a woman ſhould long to make her Husband a Cuckold? Bring the Curate, that learn'd Philoſopher, that found out a Pudden had two ends, let him with his *Jacob*'s Staff diſcover what is the third part of three farthings, three half-pence being the half, and I am ſatisfied.

Cal. You blow me down with your Learning.

Mug. Too

Mug. Too much for that Bull-head, my Husband: Hang him, he's but the ſhadow of a man of action, a debauch'd Puppy, let him ſleep, and thou ſhalt ſleep with me.

Cal. You are a very loving worthy woman, I had as live ſhe had ſaid I ſhould have lain in the Hog-ſty.

Mug. Not a word of Wine *Callandrino*, or any thing like Wine, or any thing concerning Wine, or by, or from, or with Wine: Come, lead me like a Counteſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla.

Ado. Then it ſeems you ever have affected me.

Mirt. Should my Lady ſtand by and hear't, and in her ſudden fury kill me for't, I durſt not Sir deny it; nor is it me alone, but all our Sex, I think, ſtand bound to be enamoured of you.

Ado. O my Fate! I am juſtly puniſhed for my defended wantonneſs: I that ſcorn'd the Miſtreſs when ſhe ſought me, now I would upon my knees receive her, am become a Prey unto her Bond-woman: thou art one of thoſe aim to be the wrong way Ladiſh'd: Was there no forward Page or Foot-boy in the Town to do the feat, but I muſt be choſen for the Executioner? how durſt you hope it?

Mug. Kings ſometimes leave Calveare, Salmon, and eat Sprats; in modeſty I dare ſpeak no more.

Ado. How cam'ſt thou to my hands?

Mirt. My Lady being ſlipt aſide in the dark, fearing her Mother ſhould find out the appointment, and, as I thought, quitted the houſe, thanks to the darkneſs of the night, running after her, I run into your arms; and I had wrong'd my breeding near the Court, had I refuſed it.

Ado. You expect to reap the Harveſt of your Flattery, but your hopes will be blaſted: I aſſure you I am tired, I muſt ſleep; you could lie down too.

Mirt. Willingly, ſo you pleaſe to uſe me.

Ado. Uſe thee?

Mirt. As your Pillow Sir, I dare preſume no farther.

Ado. Well, ſit down.

Mirt. I am ready Sir. [*Sits down.*

Ado. So nimble.

Mirt. Love is active, nor would be a ſlow thing, reſt ſecurely; Sir, on my Maidenhead, I'le not raviſh you. [*Lays his head in her lap.*

Ado. For one ſo fair, I'le truſt you.

Mirt. Let all the joys of reſt dwell on his Eye-lids; let no dream diſturb your ſoft and gentle ſlumbers: I cannot ſing, but I'le talk you aſleep: he ſnores already: I am all fire, I can no longer forbear, I'le touch his lips, I am intranced; our Fancy, ſome ſay, in ſleep works ſtronger, I will prove how far mine will work. [*Sleeps.*

Enter Calandrino,

Cal. My Bones ake with ſleeping on the Bench, and I am exceeding cold after my heat, I muſt ſeek out a more convenient Truckle-Bed: Ha! do I

dream? No, no, I wake; as I live *Adorio* in a handſome Wenches Lap: O Whorſon! you are better accommodated than I have been with my old drunken She-goat; I'le call my Maſter and his Miſtreſs to this Pageant, this may work more upon her than all he can ſay: Maſter, Madam, come forth.

Enter Camillo. Caliſta.

Cam. Well, what's your haſty buſineſs? what have you ſeen the Devil? or how?

Cala. No Boy, no; but here are ſome that you thought not of.

Caliſt. *Adorio.*

Cala. The Idol you uſed to worſhip.

Caliſt. Is this *Mirtilla*? I was but a Cloak to his intended Villany.

Cala. I knew 'twould take.

Cam. I'le not kill him ſleeping, but if you pleaſe, I'le wake him, and then make him fall a Sacrifice to your juſt anger.

Cala. No, reſerve your blood for a better uſe.

Caliſt. My fond love is turn'd to extreme hatred, his very ſight is odious.

Cala. I have thought of a puniſhment for 'um, and then leave him to his Harlotry; if ſhe prove not torture enough, hold me an Aſs: I ſaw their Horſes not far off, I'le cut their Girts and Bridles, and turn 'um out to the Road.

Caliſt. In his Hat he wears a Jewel, which this faithleſs Strumpet, as a Salary of her Luſt, deceiv'd me of; he ſhall not keep it to my diſgrace, nor will I ſtir till I have it.

Cala. I am not a profeſt nimmer, yet I'le make a ſhift: by your leave Sir, 'tis reſtitution; pray bear witneſs I do not ſteal it; here 'tis.

Caliſt. Take it not as a Miſtreſs's favour, but a ſtrong aſſurance I am your Wife.

Cam. O Heaven!

Cala. Pray in the Church: let's away: have you not been billing in the Hay, and ſo deſerved this unexpected favour?

Cam. You'r pleaſant Sir, come, will you walk.

Exit Cam. Caliſta, Calandrino.

Ado. As thou art a Gentleman kill me not baſely, give me leave to draw my Sword.

[Adorio *ſtarts up, his Hat falls off.*

Mirt. What's the matter? do you dream?

Ado. A fearful one I dream't, methought *Camillo*'s Sword was at my Throat, *Caliſta* frowning by, commanding him, as he deſired my favour her favour to ſtrike off my head.

Mirt. Meer imagination; here's your Hat.

Ado. But where's my Jewel?

Mirt. I lookt upon when you ſlept.

Ado. What's come on't then? Reſtore it; thou haſt it; force me not to ſearch thee

Mirt. Search me.

Ado.

Ado. You was before your Ladies entertainment a Night-walker, traded in picking of Pockets, when tame *Cully*'s charmed with your proſtitute flattery, vouchſafed to imbrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger; wer't thou an Emperour, 'twas falſe; in thy teeth I'le tell it thee, ſteal what I preſent.

Ado. This will not do, though thou haſt ſwallow'd it, I'le rip thee up, but I'le recover it.

Mirt. Help, help, help, murther!

Ado. What, a new plot; let me have it, I ſay.

Enter Calandrino *and Dancers.*

Cala. Hey day! at it afore folks! fie for ſhame; you are a hot Cock of the Game.

Mirt. O me wretched Maid! [Mirtilla *ſwoonds.*

Cala. Hold her up, ſhe'll fall again before her time elſe: Come, come, Miſtreſs, the man's a well-timber'd man, he's whole Cheſted, and may be a little forward with his work, in time you will make him ride more moderate; then if he prove not of the right ſtrain, Cuckold him firſt, and after make a Capon of him, never fear a Rape, fear him not.

Enter Camillo, Caliſta.

Caliſt. Methought I heard ſome Womens ſhrieks; what, was it *Calandrino*?

Cala. Nothing, only Maſter *Adorio* would force her to ſay one Leſſon too often over, which is a fault I ſeldome heard a woman complain on, to refuſe that ſort of exerciſe.

Caliſt. My too fond Love *Adorio*, I have for ever baniſht from my heart, and in lieu, the Holy man has given me to *Camillo*, in whoſe worthy love *Caliſta* muſt be ſafe.

Cam. *Caliſta*, you are all goodneſs.

Ado. Nay then *Adorio* be a man, I ſee the Diamond; *Mirtilla* forgive me, thy honeſt vertuous love I will repay; take me, and diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

Cala. Chain him up; and when you feel the loving hour coming on you, let him recreate you, and then to his Cell again, in a ſhort time you'l find him a ſober Companion.

Mirt. My heart can't let me give a denial; take me your faithful Handmaid.

Enter Muggulla.

Mug. O who ſhall take me! for ſomething has taken my Husband, the Fates be bleſt: but whether above or below he's gone, that matters not.

Cala. O! to Heaven he muſt go; you have been always a careful woman in that kind: Well, you and I will never marry; for now we may drink and ſleep together without controul, ſincē that Ram-headed Block is removed.

Mug. Lord, I am ſo troubled with the *Teago*, I believe it is becauſe I drink but little Wine.

Ado.

Ado. 'Tis a raw humour blows up in your head, you don't take it often enough.

Mug. 'T may be ſo: truly Sir, I don't drink above a Bottle in an hour.

Cal. How many's that a day? Mrs. *Muggulla*, I'le be your Doctor, and adminiſter effectually, I warrant you.

Cam But are your Dancers ready?

Cal. All things ready: pray ſeat your ſelves, that I may have room to perform matters of admiration: let your eye be riveted to my heels, and miſs not a hair, breadth of my footing: our Dance has a moſt melodious note, and I command you to have Ears like Hares this night for our Maſters Honour, and ſomething of my Worſhip's; your reward is to be drunk blind, like Moles, in the Wine-cellar, and though you never ſee after, 'tis the better: and do you hear' wire-ſtring Cats guts men, and ſtrong-breath'd Hoe boys, for the credit of your Calling; twang it perfectly, as you would read your Neck verſe; marſhal your ſelves in the Rear, the Van is ours: Come, Mrs. *Muggulla*, imagine it our wedding day.

[*A Ruſtick Dance.*

Cam. Adorio, Let us forget all but honourable friendſhip, and let that laſt till Time ſhall be no more.

Now may all here, that love, as they are Friends,
To our good fortunes find like proſperous ends. [*Exeunt.*

PRO-

The PROLOGUE.

OUr Habits and our Acting ſuch appears,
Like weather-beaten weary Travellers:
Who have endur'd more then may here be told,
From Eaſtern blaſts and ſharper Northern cold.
Which keeps our ſadded Hearts in deep ſuſpence,
Wanting a place to fix our Reſidence.
Yet if theſe Radiant Beauties will but pleaſe
To ſmile on our Endeavours, 'twill much eaſe
Our Cares, abate our Feares: well knowing then,
Their Influence creates Favours in thoſe Men:
Whoſe noble Bounty and Compaſſion may,
Transform our ſable Night to chearful Day.
So by your Goodneſs with your mercy mixt,
We wandring Planets may in time be fixt.

The EPILOGUE.

As timerous Crack with Bayliffs cloſe beſet,
Knowing her Rigging cann't diſcharg her Debt;
Scrues up invention to the higheſt pin,
To make a Trap to catch the Devil in.
Melting in tears with looks half luſt half love,
Hoping the hot-rein'd ravenous Foe to move;
Sighs in his Boſom, Sir, if you'l be kind,
I would do, you know what, you know my mind.
The goatiſh hell-hound boyling in a Feaver,
Cry's damn the Plantiff, ſwears he'le never leave her.
Imagin now the feat is done, and ſhe
Is gone and clapt him for his Courteſie.
I juſt like her, have ventur'd out to you;
Could I but wheedle and o're come you too:
Then like a loving and a fearful Elf,
I'd ſend you ſound away, be clapt my ſelf.

THE POLITICK WHORE:

OR, THE CONCEITED CUCKOLD

ACTED AT

NEUU-MARKET.

LONDON:

Printed for *Dan. Browne* at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, *Dan. Major* at the *Hand* and *Scepter* over againſt S. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and *James Vade* at the *Cock* and *Sugar Loaf* near S. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*. 1680.

Actors Names.

Sir *Cornelius Credulous*, a Fond Husband.
Sir *Isaac Fealousie*, always doubtful of his Wife.
Aldo, a Friend to both.
Mocko, Sir *Cornelius*'s Clown.
Trudge, a Pimp.
Mutchcraft, a Gentleman disguis'd, Gallant to *Policia*.

Women.

Policia, Wife to *Cornelius*, the *Politick Whore*.
Innocentia, Sir *Isaac*'s Wife.
A Bawd.

THE
POLITICK WHORE:
OR,
The CONCEITED CUCKOLD.

ACT I.

Enter Sir Iſaac Jealous, *Solus.*

Iſa. I Have given all the ſlip on purpoſe, to get home at unawares, to try what *Jack Fido* does with my Wife; I know no reaſon why I ſhould truſt him more than all the world, I do remember he told her I bought the Bucks Head, and therefore deſerved to have the Horns: though I bid him try her, I did not bid him, bid her with one eye love, and with the other wink at a Friend: What pains we Husbands take to be miſerable, and as many words do aptly hold concordance to make one ſentence: Juſt ſo many cauſes ſeem to agree, when conceit makes us Cuckolds, and here comes apparent proof;

[*Enter* Fido *leading* Innocentia.

hand in hand: How their palms meet! That graſp begets a baſtard.

Fido. By your white hand, I ſwear 'twas only ſo.

Iſa. Poyſon of Toads between you.

Innocentia. Fido you have well ſatisfied me.

Iſa. Inſatiate Whore, could not I ſatisfie you? I ſhall commit a murder if I ſtay: I'le go forge Thunder for you; what Plague can tranſcend a whoriſh Wife, and a perfidious Friend, Traitor to Truth and Friendſhip, I could rip out that bluſhing Hypocrite, thy Heart.

Fido. What means this Fury?

Iſa. Can you ſpell Stag, Sir? 'tis four letters with two Horns: get you from my fury, for fear of greater miſchief.

Fido. Thou yellow Fool.

Inn.

Ino. I would you would inſtruct me, Sir, but how to underſtand all this.

Iſa. Did ever mortal ſee ſo foul a guilt ſtand underneath a look ſo innocent.

Ino. My Lord.

Iſa. You Whore.

[*Kicks her.*

Fido. Were't not for looking to the Lady, I'de call you to ſtrict account.

Iſa. Look to her, hang her: let me now ſend her to the Devil, with the ſcarlet Robe of Sin ſhe's lapt in, that men ſhould ever marry, and when we lay our Heads in womens laps, riſe up with Horns.

Ino. With patience hear me, good Sir.

Iſa. Yes, and go make Potgums.

Ino. 'Tis late, and ſleep will do good, Sir.

Iſa. Why do you think I'm mad?

Ino. I hope not, Sir *Iſaac.*

Iſa. Then you lye, I am made Horn-mad; I ſhall be acted at both the Theaters: Oh he that can believe a ſleep's ſecure

In a falſe Friends Oaths or a bad Wives Arms,
Truſts *Circes* Witchcrafts, or *Calipſos* Charms.

[*Exit* Iſa. Fido.

Ino. Oh Sir *Iſaac*, how far am I in love with affliction, becauſe it calls thee Father:

Oh Jealouſie, Loves Eclipſe, thou art in thy Diſeaſe,
A wild mad Patient, wondrous hard to pleaſe.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Cornelious Credelus, *and* Mocko.

Cor. My negligence deſerves juſt blame, and how my *Policia* will take it I cannot tell.

Mock. As Snuff does you, by the Noſe.

[*Enter* Fido.

Fido. Sir *Credelus* your Servant; I hope your fair Lady's well.

Sir Cor. See, ſee ſhe and her zealous School-maſter: I'le put you all upon her anon. [*Enter* Policia, Muchcraft.

Mock. Then I ſhall have my turn.

Fido. You are a wondrous happy man in one ſo vertuous.

Sir Cor. Nay, you ſhall have no Sir *Iſaacs* of me, I warrant ye.

Mock. Nor no *Inocentia* of your wife, I warrant ye.

Sir Cor. Sweet Chick I come to take leave of thee, for I am going to ſee a Ship launch'd, you may walk and ſee Sir *Iſaac Jealouſie's* Lady.

Poli. Alaſs ſhe's too merry for my company.

Fido, Too merry; I have ſeen her ſad, but very ſeldom merry.

Policia.

Poli. I mean Sir, that ſhe can walk to the Change, tell Tales, run in the Garden.

Mock. Why then your Ladyſhip may hold your tongue, ſay nothing, and walk in the Orchard.

Poli. She can drink a glaſs of Wine not alayd with Water.

Mock. Then you may drink a cup of Water without Wine.

Poli. Nay if a Gentleman comes to her Houſe ſhe'll let him kiſs her, though a ſtranger.

Fido. Why a modeſt Woman may be kiſt by accident, yet not give the leaſt touch to her Reputation.

Sir Cor. Well ſaid, touch her home.

Poli. Nay, but they may not; ſhe that will kiſs, they ſay, will do worſe I warrant you.

Fido. Why Madam I have ſeen you kiſt, may be againſt your will.

Poli. You may be ſure 'twas againſt my will, though I have been kiſt indeed.

Mock. There's nothing in that can be againſt a Womans will, and I dare be ſworn, if my Lady kiſt but one man, 'tis becauſe we can't do with all.

Sir Cor. Nay that I know to be true, therefore ſhe ſhall only kiſs you *Fido* at this time; nay, come kiſs her, and we are gone.

Poli. Nay pray Sir *Cornelious*, 'tis againſt my cuſtomes.

Sir Cor. I care not; let naturals love cuſtomes, my humour's my humour: look ye ſhe ſpits, kiſs her cloſe.

Mock. The nearer the bone, the ſweeter the fleſh, Lady.

Poli. How now ſawce-box.

Mock. Why Madam, I had but my turn, are you angry at that?

Sir Cor. Sirah, go and call a pair of Oars, *Muchcraft*, prethee ſtay thou at home with thy Lady, make her merry, get your Inſtrument ready, this melancholly will ſpoil her; make her laugh but heartily before I come home, and I'le give you a Leaſe of forty Crowns *per annum*.

Much. Can you tell whether ſhe be tickliſh or no Sir?

Sir Cor. Oh infinitely tickliſh.

Much. I'le deſerve your Leaſe before you come home again I warrant you.

Sir Cor. And thou ſhalt have't I faith boy.

Mock. Sir, there is a boat ready for you.

Sir Cor. Oh that's well, farewel my dear *Policia*.

[*Exit.*

Fido. Adieu Madam, and when ſo e're I marry, Fortune turn no worſe Card to me than you are.

[*Exit.*

Mock. And when ſo e're I marry, *Venus* ſend me a Card may ſave Fortune a labour, and turn up her ſelf.

[*Exit.*

Poli.

Polic. What made him leave you behind?

Much. To lye with your Ladyſhip.

Polic. How!

Much. How? Why in the Bed, or on the Bed, or without the Bed.

Polic. Why how now *Muchcraft*.

Much. Why, the plain truth on't is, I muſt lye with you.

Polic. Why, *Muchcraft?*

Much. And I know too, that you will lye with me.

Polic. Nay, but *Muchcraft*.

Much. A Pox of *Muchcraft*; I am neither *Much Craft*, nor *Little Craft*, but a *Barkſhire* Gentleman, that has heard of your Beauty; aſſum'd this Name and Fortune, ſaught this Service, and tell you truly what I gueſs you.

Polic. You will not Raviſh me, *Muchcraft?*

Much. No; but unravel you, in two lines Experience writ lately.

Extreams in Vertue, are but Clouds to Vice;
She'll do i'th' dark, who is i'th' day too nice.

Polic. Indeed you do not well to belye me thus.

Much. Come, I'le lye with thee Wench, and make all well again: your Husband ſwears no Woman can deceive him, and 'twere well done to cozen his confidence.

Polic. Truly, *Muchcraft*, ſome Women would do't.

Much. Who can you chuſe more convenient to practice with than me, whom he doats on? Where ſhall a man find a Friend but at home? ſo break one Proverbs Pate, and give the other a Plaiſter. Is't a Match, ha?

Polic. Well, for once it is; but and you do any more, indeed I'le tell my Husband.

Much. But when ſhall this once be, now?

Polic. Now! no indeed, *Muchcraft*, it ſhall be ſoon, at Night my Knight comes home.

Much. Then, how is't poſſible?

Polic. Poſſible; Women can make any of theſe things poſſible, *Muchcraft*: many caſualties may croſs us, but ſoon at night my *Cornelius* I'm ſure will be ſleepy after his hard drinking; and when well drench'd in Wine, he ſleeps in his Cloaths on the Bed ſo ſound, Bells would not wake him were they rung in the Chamber.

Much. Then he'll never dream of our Intrigue.

Polic. Now *Mocke* that makes him merry in his Chamber, ſhall, when the Candle's out, and he aſleep, bring you into the Chamber.

Much. But will he be ſecret?

Polic. Will he, good Soul! I am not to try him now.

Much. 'Uds-foot, this is brave,

My Knights kind Fool is my cunning Ladies Knave.

But pray, how then?

Polic. When *Mocko* has brought you to the Bed, give me but ſoftly a touch, I'le riſe, and follow you into the next Chamber: But truly and you do not uſe me kindly, I ſhall cry out, and ſpoil all.

Much. Uſe you kindly; was ever Lady uſed cruelly i'th' dark? do you but prepare *Mocko* and your Maid, let me alone with her Miſtreſs; about Eleven I deſire to be expected.

Polic. And till the Clock ſtrike Twelve I lye alone.

Much. Now you dare kiſs.

Polic. Once with a Friend, or ſo; yet you may take two, *Much-craft.*

Much. My Caſt is *Ames-Ace* then.

Polic. *Deuce-Ace* had got the Game.

Much. Well, if you'l ſet, I'le throw at all.

Polic. If you throw out, then down you fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Innocentia *alone.*

Innoc. Here, miſerable *Innocentia*, let thy ſorrows take breath; unto this Houſe where Gentlemen lodge I was directed, but I here diſcover ſtrange actions carried on in this Houſe: Great Perſons, but not good, here nightly Revel in Surfeits, and in Riots; and yet the next day the place appears a Sanctuary, rather than Sins foul Receptacle: theſe ways have to me ſtill been ſtrangers.

Enter Bawd *and* Drudgeo.

Drud. Yonder ſhe walks mumbling to her ſelf, my Lord *Generous* has caſt an eye of liking on her, and you win her but for him, your Houſe bears the Bell away; acoſt her quaintly.

Baw. I warrant thee *Drudgeo*, I can effect wonders of more weight than a Maiden-head: Have I ruin'd ſo many Cities, Citadels, to let in Court-Martialiſts, and ſhall this Country-Cottage hold out? I were more fit for a Cart than Coach then 'ſfaith. How now *Philice*, how do you this morning?

Innoc. Well, I thank ſo good a Landlady.

Baw. But hark you *Philice*, is the Door cloſe *Drudgeo?*

Dru. As an Uſurers Conſcience: *Madge* was coming in, till ſhe ſaw the Door ſhut upon her.

Baw. I'le ſet *Madge* about her buſineſs, and I come to her: Is here any work for her, with a miſchief to her? We ſhall have Eves-droppers, ſhall we?

Innoc. Honour guard me, how I tremble.

Baw. Come hither Miſtreſs *Philice*: Fie, how you let your hair hang about your Ears too: How do you like my Houſe, *Phil.*

Innoc. Well, exceeding well.

Baw. Nay, I know a Woman may riſe here in a Month, if ſhe will her ſelf: but truth's truth, I know you ſee ſomething, as they ſay, and ſo forth. Did you ſee the Gallant was here laſt night till Twelve?

Innoc. Which of them mean you? here was many.

Baw. Which; he in the white Feather, that skipp'd in the Gallery: Was it white, *Drudgeo?*

Dru. As a Ladies hond, by this five fingers.

Baw. White; no, no, 'twas a Tawny; now I remember.

Dru. As a Gypſie; by this Hand it lookt white by Candle-light though.

Baw. That fine Lord is call'd my Lord *Generous*, *Phil.* a great man, I'le aſſure you *Phil.*

Innoc. His Excellent Carriage ſpoke him of Noble Birth.

Baw. And this Lord loves you *Phillis.*

Innoc. Now Heaven defend me!

Baw. What, from a Lord? marry come up with a Murrian; from whence came you tro', ha?

Dru. Thus nice *Madge* was at firſt, if you remember.

Baw. I would have you know Huſwife, I could have taken my Coach, and fetch'd him one of the beſt Pieces in *London*, and her Husband ſhould have look'd after me, that his Neighbours might have noted, and cry'd, *Farewel Naunt, commend me to my Unkle.*

Dru. And yet from theſe perfum'd fortunes, Heaven defend me.

Innoc. Perfum'd indeed.

Dru. Perfum'd; I am a Pander, a Rogue, that hangs together like a Beggars Rags by Geometry, if there was not three Ladies ſwore yeſterday that my Miſtreſs perfum'd the Coach; ſo they were fain to unbrace the Side-parts to take in freſh Air.

Baw. He tells you true, I keep no company, I warrant you.

Innoc. But have you ſo many ſeveral Women to anſwer ſo many men that come?

Dru. I'le anſwer that by Demonſtration: Have you not obſerved the variation of a Cloud, ſometimes 'twill be like a Lyon, ſometimes like a Horſe, ſometimes a Caſtle, and yet ſtill a Cloud.

Innoc. True.

Dru. Why ſo can we make one Wench one day look like a Country Wench, another day like a Citizens Wife, another day like a Lady, and yet ſtill be a Crack.

Innoc. VVhat ſhall become of me? Oh the ſad Curſe
Of goodneſs, to leave one woe for a worſe.

Baw. Come *Phil.* let's in, and be merry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

Sir Cornelius *aſleep on a Bed in his Cloaths,* Policia *in Bed; to them,* Mocko *leading in* Muchcraft.

Much. SOftly ſweet *Mocko*; are we in the Chamber yet?
Mock. Within a yard of my Lady, and ye can be quiet.
Much. Art ſure Sir *Cornelius* is aſleep?
Mock. I know not, I'le go and ask him.
Much. No, no, no, do not awake him, we are undone then, man.
Mock. Ha, ha, ha, now I ſee Cuckold-making is as tickliſh a profeſſion as Cunney-catching: my Lord was ſo paid with Healths, he's faſt enough.
Much. But ſtill I purſue wonder, why my Lady ſhould preſcribe this ſtrange, nay wonderous deſperate way to her deſires.
Mock. Is that a queſtion to ask now? would you would grope out the Bed, for I ſleep in my talk I am ſure of that.

[*Sir* Cornelius *Coughs.*

Much. We are loſt for ever: did he not cough?
Mock. 'Tis nothing but the laſt Cup comes up in ſtewd broth; if ever you make true Whoremaſter burn me: ſea-ſick before you come in the ſalt-water; let me go in your ſtead.
Much. No I'le venture, ſtood a Gulph between belching up a Tempeſt. O valiant Luſt! how reſolute thou goeſt to Acts unjuſt. *Mocko* good night: deſire drowns fear in preſuppos'd delight.
Mock. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the Devil, to my Lady, I ſhould ſay preſently.

[*Exit.*

Much. Let me ſee: Four ſteps on the left hand. I have the Bed, and on this ſide ſhe lies: Ud's foot there's a beard; but all's well yet; ſhe lies on this ſide ſure: I have her; 'tis her Hand, I know the touch, it melts me into paſſion: I have much ado to contain my wild deſires: as the wind ſtrains in caverns lock'd, ſo through my big ſwoln vains my blood cuts capers.
Polic. Who's there?
Much. 'Tis I.
Polic. *Muchcraft.*
Much. Fortunate *Muchcraft*, that was wrapt in his Mothers Smock.
Polic. Give me your hand.
Much. There 'tis: I melt already.
Polic. Sir, Husband; Sir *Cornelius*, awake.
Much. I am loſt for ever, Madam.

Polic. Sir *Cornelius*, Husband.

Much. If I pull too hard, I ſhall pull her out of the bed too.

Polic. Why Knight, will you not awake.

Sir Cor. What's the matter, what's the matter?

Much. How I dwindle.

Polic. Pray hear me Sir; I cannot ſleep till you have reſolv'd me one thing.

Sir Cor. What is that Sweetheart?

Polic. Of all men which do you love beſt?

Sir Cor. That's a ſtrange queſtion to ask at midnight; why *Much-craft*.

Polic. And that ſame falſe *Muchcraft* in your abſence moſt leudly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Much. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus.

Sir Cor. Oh Rogue, I'le cut his throat ſleeping.

Polic. Nay I have fitted him finely.

Much. Now, now, now, now I am ſpited.

Polic. I ſeem'd Sweetheart to conſent to him.

Much. A pox of ſhammings: I were beſt confeſs and beg pardon.

Polic. And to make him ſure for your revenge, I appointed about this hower, the door left open on purpoſe

Much. Ah.

Polic. To meet me in the Garden.

Much. All's well again.

Polic. Now Sweetheart, if you would but ſteal down, you might catch him, and ſnap the Fool very finely.

Sir Cor. Oh Heavens what a wench have I of thee! I'le take my Rapier, and the night being dark, I'le ſpeak like thee, as if thou had kept thy word: O Villain, I ſhall have you; do you lie ſtill, and I'le bring thee his Heart for thy Monkeys breakfaſt.

Polic. And would you part unkindly and not kiſs me?

Sir Cor. I have no more manners than a Gooſe: Farewell
My chaſt delicious Girl: what may his life
Be compar'd to, that meets with ſuch a Wife!

[*Exit.*

Enter Mocko.

Much. Hiſt *Mocko*.

Mock. Hear Boy.

Much. Go meet him in the Garden —— and hark.

Mock. Excellent: I'le play my Lady I warrant you. Well, I may hope for a Squiers Place, my Father was a Coſtermonger.

[*Exit.*

Much. Well now I ſee, he who would know Hells Crafts in her may read

read it, in brief put him to School
(Would cheat the Devil of 's right,)
To a dainty ſmooth-fac'd Hypocrite. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Cornelius *and* Mocko.

Sir Cor. Why here's a Wife *Mocko*!

Mock. Ay Sir, to diſcover upon the pinch to you.

Sir Cor. Oh what Fortunes we loving Husbands meet with!

Mock. Ay Sir, Fortune's in the faſhion of Hay Forks.

Sir Cor. *Mocko*, thou ſhalt hardly ſee a harſh Fellow have ſuch a Wife, ſuch a fortunate Wedding.

Mock. He'll go to hanging as ſoon.

Sir Cor. No, no; we loving ſouls have all the luck: There's Sir *Iſaac Jealous*, what ado there is about his Wife; and now ſhe's fled: and what has brought her to't, but his dogged uſage of her.

Mock. Nay ſhe never liv'd a good day with him.

Sir Cor. Therefore the whole Town rings of the winding of his Horns. Had he ſuch a wife as I: what a Villain did I entertain, to teach her Muſick; he has done her no good ſince he came, that I ſee.

Mock. Hang him: he has made her a little perfect in Prick-Song, that's all; and it may be ſhe had skill in that before you married her.

Sir Cor. She could ſing at firſt ſight by this hand, *Mocko*: but hark, I hear ſomebody.

Enter Muchcraft.

Mock. 'Tis he ſure: he has a dreaming Whoremaſters pace. Pray let me practiſe my Ladies Part, and counterfeit for her.

Sir Cor. Canſt thou imitate to the life?

Mock. Can I? Oh wicked *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor. Admirable thou ſhalt do't.

Mock. Pray be you ready with your Rapier to ſpit him then; and I'le watch him a good turn, I warrant you.

Much. Here they are: If *Mocko* now comes off with his Part neatly, the Comedy paſſes bravely. Who's there----- Madam?

Mock. *Muchcraft*?

Much. The ſame.

Mock. I think this place lies open to the Air, *Muchcraft*.

Sir Cor. Delicate *Mocko*.

Mock. And truly there's a great Dew fallen to night, the Graſs is very wet.

Sir Cor. Sweet-tongu'd Rogue.

Mock. Come *Muchcraft*,
And let us ſport our ſelves in yonder Ruſhes;
And being ſet, I'le ſmother thee with buſhes.

Sir Cor.

Sir Cor. Oh Villain.

Much. Here my Lady; it is enough my Maſter has now a Friend in theſe days that dares be honeſt.

Sir Cor. How's this?

Mock. Nay for thy Maſter, he's a meer Coxcomb, *Muchcraft.*

Sir Cor. Out Rogue.

Much. 'Tis but your bad deſires that tell you ſo: can I contain a Heart, or can that Heart harbour a thought of injury againſt him, under whoſe Wing I ſafely ſtretch my Pinions: has he not nobly entertain'd me? Stand I not next neighbour, ſave your ſelf, unto his Heart?

Sir Cor. Ay, by this Hand doſt thou.

Much. And ſhall I requite him thus? No Lady, no.

Sir Cor. Brave *Muchcraft.*

Much. I am too wiſe to fall in love with Wo, much leſs with Woman: I but took advantage of my Maſters abſence for your Tryal, Madam, for fear ſome Fellow, far hotter-rein'd then I, might have ſought and ſped; and I ſhould be loth a Maſter ſo loving,

Sir Cor. Shalt have five Leaſes, by theſe Fingers.

Much. Should have a Lady falſe.

Back Lady to your yet unblemiſh'd Bed;
Preſerve your Honour, and your Lords Calves Head.

Mock. Well *Muchcraft* you had been better: if I do not tell your Maſter of this.

Sir Cor. He has put him to't now.

Much. Then I am loſt for ever: You'll turn it all on me I know; but ere I'le live to wrong ſo good a man, or ſtand the mark unto your malice, I will firſt fall on my Sword, and periſh.

Sir Cor. Hold, hold man.

Much. Ha; who are you?

Sir Cor. One that has more humanity in him than to ſee a proper Fellow caſt himſelf away, I warrant thee: 'tis I, 'tis I man; I have heard all.

Mock. And 'twas I have playd my Lady, to have ſnapt you.

Much. Has ſhe then been ſo good to tell you? Now I am worſe afflicted than before, that ſhe ſhould thus out-run me in this race of honeſty.

Sir Cor. Nay, ſhe has bobb'd thee bravely: She has a thouſand of theſe tricks, I faith man; but howſoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee: Hark in thy ear: Thou ſhalt have five Leaſes, and my own Nagg, when thou haſt a mind to ride.

Much. Let me deſerve it firſt.

Sir Cor. Thou ſhalt have 'um, I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Much. I joy in ſuch a Lady.

Sir Cor. Nay, there's a couple of you, for a Wife and a Friend: thou ſhalt be no more my Servant; I had thought to have made thee my Steward, but thou art too honeſt for the place that's the truth on't.

Mock.

Mocko. His ſuperfluity is my neceſſity; pray let me have it Sir.

Sir *Cor.* I will talk with thee to morrow: *Mocko*, thou ſhalt have ſomething too, but I'le to Bed: honeſt *Muchcraft*, the deareſt muſt part, I ſee; I will ſo hug the ſweet Raſcal that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder: Good-night *Muchcraft*; to Bed *Mocko*:

VVhat delight in life,
Can equal ſuch a Friend, and ſuch a VVife. [*Exit.*

Mock. Go; and a Cartload of Horns go with thee. But ſhall I not be thought on for my nights Service?

Much. Why look you: pray forget not you had ſomething.

Mock. Well: and pray do you remember I had nothing.

Much. Nothing; what's that?

Mock. Nothing before I had ſomething I mean; ſo you are welcome from *Utopia*.

Much. You are very nimble; Sir, good morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Cornelius *and Fido.*

Sir *Cor.* Did ever Chronicle match this couple?

Fido. You make me wonder, that both ſhould meet in one reſolved goodneſs unknown to one another.

Sir *Cor.* There lies the Jeſt on't: Sirrah *Mocko*, come hither. [*Enter* Mocko.

I do but think, had ſhe met him in the Garden, how ſhe would have ratled him.

Mock. Ay, and ruffled him too Sir; the Camomile would have been better for it many a day after.

Fido. Such an honeſt-minded Servant, where ſhall one find?

Sir Cor. Servant; my ſworn brother, man: he's too honeſt for an Office, he'le ne're thrive in't.

Fido. A Wife; why ſhe's a Saint, one that beares a good ſound Soul about her.

Mock. Yes, when ſhe wears her new Shoes.

Sir Cor. Where is ſhe *Mocko*?

Mock. Walking a turn or two in the Garden with *Muchcraft*, ſhall I go call, Sir?

Sir Cor. No, no, no; 'tis pitty to part 'um, they are ſo well match'd: What are they doing?

Mock. Why Sir, ſhe was weeping to him; ſhe heard this morning that her Confeſſor Father *Joſeph* was dead.

Sir Cor. Why now ſhan't we have her eat a bit theſe five days.

Mock. She'le Munch the more in a Corner, that's her Faſts.

Sir Cor. Nay, do but judge *Fido*: Whereas moſt Dames go but once a month, ſome twice a quarter, and once a year to Confeſſion, and that upon conſtraint too; ſhe never miſſes twice a week.

Fido

Fido. 'Tis a ſign ſhe keeps all well at home; they are even with the World, that ſo keep touch with Heaven.

Enter Policia, Muchcraft.

Sir *Cor.* See where ſhe comes! Why how now Chick, weeping ſo faſt, this is the fault of moſt of our Ladies; Painting, weeping for their ſins, I ſhould ſay, ſpoils their Faces.

Much. Sweet Madam.

Sir *Cor.* Look, look, loving Soul, he weeps for company.

Mocko. And I ſhall laugh out-right by and by.

Polic. Oh that good man!

Sir *Cor.* Why, Bird.

Fido. Be patient.

Polic. And wou'd he go to Heaven without me?

Mocko. It may be he knew not your mind, Madam.

Polic. He knew my mind well enough.

Mocko. Why then, it may be, he knew you cou'd not hold out for the Journey; pray do not ſet us all a crying. [*Weeps.*

Sir *Cor.* Prethee, ſweet Birds-n'ye, be content.

Polic. Yes, yes, be content; when you two leave my company, no one comes near me, ſo that were not for ſimple modeſt *Muchcraft* here.

Mocko. As modeſt as a Gib-Cat at Mid-night.

Polic. That ſometimes reads to me ſome vertuous Treatiſe; were it not for him, I might go look content: but 'tis no matter, no body cares for me.

Sir *Cor.* Good *Fido*, help to comfort her. [*Weeps.*

Mocko. Now is the Devil a writing an *Encomium* upon cunning Cuckoldmakers.

Much. You have been harſh to her of late, I fear Sir.

Sir *Cor.* By this hand I turn'd not from her all laſt-night; what ſhou'd a man do?

Fido. Come, this is but a ſweet obedient Shower, to bedew the lamented Grave of her old Father.

Mocko. He thinks the Devil's dead too.

Sir *Cor.* Prethee *Muchcraft* walk a turn in the Garden, to get her a Stomack to her Dinner; we'll be with you preſently.

Polic. Nay, when you pleaſe; but why ſhould I go from you?

Sir *Cor.* Loving Soul, prethee take her away.

Polic. Pray let me kiſs you firſt: come, *Muchcraft*, no body cares for us.

Sir *Cor.* Well, ſhe's a precious Creature.

[Much. *as they go out, kiſſes her.*

Fido. 'Uds death, he kiſt her at the door: Have I found you Lady? But mum.

Sir *Cor.*

Sir Cor. Hark you *Mocke*, you muſt go and invite my Lady *Meriday* to Sup with us; tell her my Lady is never well but in her company.

Mock. What if you invited Sir *Iſaac Jealous*, he's ſo melancholly ſince his Wife and he are parted.

Sir Cor. Do as you are bid, let him alone: I'le have no Cuckold ſup in my Houſe to Night.

Mock. 'Tis a very hot Evening, your Worſhip will ſup in the Garden.

Sir Cor. Why, yes marry, I will Sir; what of that?

Mock. Why, your Worſhip was ever as good as your word, keep the Cuckolds out of doors, and lay a Cloth for my Lord in the Arbour.

[*Exit*

Sir Cor. I have been about a Project theſe three months, *Fido.*

Fido. What is't, Sir?

Sir Cor. To compoſe a Book of my Wives Vertues; a Pattern for all that marry.

Fido. That will do well, Sir: I have another too for you; but that we'll diſcourſe as we go.

Conceit and Confidence are Juglers born;
One grafts in Air, t'other hides the real Horn.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Sir Cornelius *like a Fryer, Fido.*

Sir Cor. AM I fitted *Fido*, am I fitted?

Fido. To the life, Sir; and able to cheat ſuſpition: and ſo like Father *Anthony* the Confeſſor, that I proteſt there's not more ſemblance in a pair of Eggs; an Apple cut in half, is not ſo like.

Sir Cor. Well, you have counſell'd me to this, and I in this habit ſhall know the Core of her Heart.

Fido. By this time ſhe may be comming; I'le ſtep aſide: You'le tell what's done.

Sir Cor. What, reveal confeſſion? But go your ways; as much as may lawfully be revealed we'le laugh at next meeting.

Fido. Well, much good may you find:
I have rais'd the ſtorm, let who can lay the wind.

[*Exit.*

Sir Cor. Yonder ſhe comes, I can hardly forbear bluſhing; but I muſt have a care of diſcovery.

Enter Politia.

Polic. Hail Father.

Sir Cor. Welcome my chaſt Daughter.

Polic. Death having taken my Father *Joſeph*, to you I fall for abſolution.

Sir Cor. Empty then my Daughter that Veſſel of thy Fleſh of all the Dregs.

Polic. Since firſt I confeſs, my firſt Sin was, That my Taylor, not making my New Gown to my mind, in an unchriſtian Paſſion I bid the Devil take him.

Sir Cor. That was ſomething harſh, yet the more pardonable, becauſe, may be, your Taylor lies in Hell night by night: Pray to your ſecond.

Polic. Next, in a moſt ſavage rage, my Chambermaid putting too much Blew in her Starch, I moſt unmercifully broke her Head.

Sir Cor. That was raſhly done indeed Daughter: but are you ſure the Maids Head was not broke before?

Polic. No, no: ſhe came to me with ne're a crack about her.

Sir Cor. Theſe are trivial and light: Have you greater?

Polic. Yes Sir, one.

Sir Cor. One: what ſhould that be, I wonder!

Polic. One yet remains behind of weight and conſequence.

Sir Cor. She has trod ſome Chicken to death, I warrant you.

Polic. Hear me, and let a bluſh make you look red;
Unſeemly I've abus'd my Husbands Bed.

Sir Cor. You did ill to drink ſo hard that Night.

Polic. Alas, you are miſtaken; I have lai'n with another Man beſides my Husband.

Sir Cor. How!

Polic. Nay the ſame way I uſe to lye with him, but not altogether ſo often.

Sir Cor. Death and the Devil: You're ſomewhat broad, but I have a Pennance for your Whoreſhip. Are you not with Child, Daughter?

Polic. Yes, yes: ſure 'twas that Nights work.

Sir Cor. How know you that?

Polic. Alaſs, by experience, Sir: The kind Fool my Husband wiſhes all well; but like a light piece of Gold, he's taken for more than he weighs.

Sir Cor. With Child that charges too: there ſhould follow a zealous Exhortation, but great Affairs brooks no ſtay: You are ingeniouſly ſorrow.

Polic. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sir Cor. And reſolve to fall no more ſo?

Polic.

Polic. No in truth, Sir.

Sir Cor. Then I pronounce you here absolv'd. Now for your Pennance.

Polic. Any thing.

Sir Cor. As the Fact seems strange, so blame me not if your Pennance be as strange, though 'tis easie perform'd: 'Tis neither Fast, Prayer, nor Pilgrimage.

Polic. Let it be what 'twill, I vow the performance.

Sir Cor. Soon at Night, when you are with your Husband at Supper, or any other way in Publick, you shall say aloud to him, You are not this Childs Father, but such a Man is; naming the right Father as you think was Partner in your Sin.

Polic. Good Sir.

Sir Cor. This is it I expect to have done: you know the danger of breaking it; 'tis nothing.

Polic. Nothing: Is this your Pennance so wondrous easie in performance?

Sir Cor. 'Tis irrevokable.

Polic. I am silent: Your new Pennance may meet a new Performance: Farewel, Sir.

You are the cruell'st e're confessed me before:

[*Exit.*

Sir Cor. And this is a trick to catch a canting Whore.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bawd, Innocentia, Drugeo.

Baw. Come *Phillis*, be not so melancholly, the Sparks are in view.

Enter Sir Isaac *disguis'd.*

Sir Isa. Good morrow sweet Madam: Oh look how like the Sun behind a Cloud she beams to give intelligence how 'tis there.

Baw. You are reciprocally welcome, Sir.

Sir Isa. What, have you brought this young wild Haggard to the Lure.

Baw. Faith Sir, she's a little irregular yet, but time may bring the wonder about.

Sir Isa. Bless you, sweet Mistris.

Enter Fido.

Dru. 'Uds foot, here's another Fleshmonger; I smell a Storm.

Baw. Sir, you are methodically welcome; you must pardon my va-

riety of phraſe, the Courtiers e'ne clog us with good words.

Sir *Iſa.* What's he?

Baw. Why Sir, 'tis a *German* Prince, but a ſpeaks *Engliſh.*

Sir *Iſa.* Did not I charge you to keep her for me? how dare you ſet her out to ſail?

Baw. Indeed Sir.

Sir *Iſa.* Indeed Sir; Pox of your indeeds Sir.

[*Kicks her.*

Baw. Oh my *Sciatica!*

Sir *Iſa.* You Sir, ſhe ſays, you'r a *German* Prince: I can't help it.

[*Kicks* Fido; *they draw.*

Baw. Nay, good my Lord.

Dru. Good Sir, 'tis one of the Dukes Chamber.

Fido. Let him be of the Devils Chamber.

Sir *Iſa.* Sirrah, leave the Houſe, or I'le thunder you out.

Dru. Sir, 'tis madneſs to ſtand him.

Fido. Kickt; pray that we meet no more again Sir; ſtill keep Heaven about you.

[*Exit.*

Innoc. VVhat e're thou art, a good man ſtill go with thee.

Sir *Iſa.* VVill you beſtow a Caſt of your Profeſſion?

Baw. VVe are vaniſh'd, Sir.

Innoc. Oh! what ſhall become of me? in his eye murder and luſt contends.

Sir *Iſa.* Nay, fly not ſweet, I am not angry with you; do you know me?

Innoc. Yes Sir, report has given you to be the Lord *Generous*, but I fear Fame's a lyar.

Sir *Iſa.* Why ſo, Madam?

Innoc. Were you that Lord, you will not ſure be a ſlave to your Bloods paſſion, to haunt ſuch houſes as theſe: I crave your pardon for my language, Truth has a Forehead free, and in the Tower of her Integrity ſits an unvanquiſh'd Virgin.

Sir *Iſa.* If you rail upon the place; prethee, how came you hither?

Innoc. By treacherous intelligence, honeſt men ſo
Ignorant of the way, through Thieves perils go. This is a
Cave of Scorpions and Dragons: Oh turn back!
Toads here ingender, 'tis the Steam of Death,
The very Air poyſons a good mans breath.

Sir *Iſa.* Within there.

Baw. Sir, did you call? I hope you found her plyant: Your Coach waits you, Sir.

Enter

Enter Bawd, Drudgeo.

Sir *Iſa.* You are a rotten Hoſpital hung with greaſie Sattin.

[*Kicks her.*

Baw. Ah! ah me!

Dru. Came this nice piece from *France*, with a Pox to her?

Baw. If ſhe has not warm'd his Stomach, I'le be flead for't.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Iſa.* I have more to ſay, will you meet me at Sir *Cornelius Credulons* houſe? my intents are virtuous, there I'le diſcover.

Let me borrow goodneſs from thy lip, farewell:
Here's a new wonder, I have met Heaven in Hell.

[*Exit.*

Inno. I know that voice, I dare not think of ill, and I will meet at Sir *Cornelius*'s houſe: No, Sir *Iſaac*,

Had Law to this new Love made no denial,
A Chaſte Wifes truth ſhines through the greateſt tryal.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Cornelius, Fido.

Sir *Cor.* Let it be carried with a ſilent Reputation, for the credit of the Concluſion: I do not deſire to be laught at, till my deſigns are ripe, and ſhe has perform'd her Penance.

Fido. Is this your Chaſte Religious Wife? you ſee now 'tis poſſible for a cunning Wife to make an Aſs of her Husband.

Sir *Cor.* An Aſs; I will prove a contented Cuckold the wiſeſt man in his company.

Fido. How? Prove you that, Sir.

Sir *Cor.* Becauſe he knows himſelf. *Mocko*, Are all things ready to entertain our Gueſs?

Enter Mocko.

Mocko. Yes Sir, and by the way I met the Knight Sir *Jealouſie*, and he and a ſtrange Lady do intend to invite themſelves to Supper to you.

Sir *Cor.* A ſhall be welcome, he will be fit company.

Fido. No, I fear he wrongs his Wife with idle ſuſpition; I dare, and will avow it with my life, *Muchcraft* keeps before Sir.

[*Enter* Muchcraft, Policia.

VVhy don't you, *Mocko*, keep all well behind?

Sir *Cor.* I, and then there will be devout Lechery, between Hawk and

and Buzzard: *Mocko*, draw out the Table with the Banquet.

[*A Table furnish'd with all sorts of Horns in Dishes.*

Polic. Now fie upon this variety, 'tis profane; Chastity defend me from such a Meeting.

Fido. Why Madam, what's the matter?

Polic. There was a Lady invited to such a Treat, and going home in the dark, though as Chaste as Night, yet the poor Fellow, her Husband, lost her in a throng, and the good Soul came home so crush'd in the morning.

Enter Sir Isaac.

Sir *Cor.* Sir *Isaac*, welcom.

Sir *Isa. Fido*, I am throughly sensible of my Ladies Loyalty, and thy true Honourable Friendship; I beg your pardon for what has past in my folly and rage, and now could wish my Lady was here, that I might reconcile my self to her, and obtain her forgiveness for my wronging the Innocent.

Sir *Cor.* Have a care what you say, Sir *Isaac*: Pray sit; come, all sit.

Fido. I'le give you a fair occasion to produce the performance of her Penance.

Sir *Cor.* Go forward, I'le catch occasion by the Forelock.

Fido. Here's a Health to you, it shall go round.

Sir *Cor.* 'Tis a general Health, and leads the rest into the Field.

Mocko. Your Worship breaks Jests, as Serving-men do Glasses, by chance.

Fido. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me, how fortunate our kind Host was to meet with so Chast a Wife: Good Sir *Cornelius*, admit Heaven had her.

Sir *Cor.* Oh, good Sir, do not wound me! Admit Heaven had her! 'Las Sir, what shou'd Heaven do with her?

Fido. Your love makes you passionate; but admit so, what Wife would you chuse?

Sir *Cor.* Were I to chuse then, as I would I were; so this were in *Barbados*, I would wish Sir, a Wife so like my Lady, that once a Week she should go to Confession, and to perform the Penance she should run; nay, do naught but dream on't till it was done.

Fido. There's a delicate *Momento*, to put her in mind of her Penance.

Polic. Now you talk of Dreams, Sweet-heart, I'le tell you a very unhappy one; I was a-dream't last night of *Muchcraft*.

Sir *Cor.*

Sir *Cor.* Of *Muchcraft.*

Polic. Nay, I have done with him.

Mocko. Now you ſhall ſee the Devil out-done.

Sir *Iſa.* Pray on with your Dream, 'twill be good diverſion.

Polic. Bleſs me, I am e'ne aſhamed Chick; but 'tis no matter, a Dream's a Dream, and thus it was; methought, Husband, *Muchcraft* lay with me.

Sir *Cor.* The beſt friend at home ſtill, *Muchcraft*; Could the Devil, Sir, perform a Penance neater, and ſave his Credit better? On Wife, a Dream's a Dream I know.

Polic. Methought I prov'd with Child, Sweetheart.

Sir Cor. Ay, Bird.

Much. A pox of theſe Dreams.

Polic. Methought I was brought to bed; and one day ſitting in the Gallery, who ſhould come there to play at Foyls, but thee and *Muchcraft.*

Sir Cor. *Muchcraft* and I; do you mark that?

Fido. Ay; and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Polic. Playing, methought he hit you a blow on the Forehead; it ſwell'd ſo, thou could'ſt not ſee: at which the child cried.

Fido. Excellent Woman at a ſhift: but I'le have a trick for her.

[*Exit.*

Polic. And my thought at laſt you came thinking to quiet it, and it cried the more; whereat pointing to you, away naughty Man, you are not this Childs Father.

Sir Cor. Meaning the Child *Muchcraft* got?

Polic. The ſame: And then I wak'd and kiſt you.

Sir *Iſa.* A pretty Dream, and a merry one.

Enter Fido.

Fido. Sir, I am told there's one Father *Anthony*, a holy man, ſtays without to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Cor.* With me, or my Lady.

Fido. Nay, with you, and a buſineſs of importance.

Sir *Cor.* I'le go ſend him in, and he ſhall interpret my Ladies dream.

[*Exit.*

Polic. Husband, Sir *Cornelius*, ſtay a little.

Mocko. I ſmell Wormwood and Vinegar.

Fido. She changes colour, I muſt out again.

[*Exit.*

Polic. He will not ſure reveal Confeſſion.

Sir *Iſa.* We many times make modeſt mirth a neceſſity to produce a Ladies dream.

Much.

Much. Would I were in *France*; how they ſhoot at us?

Enter Innocentia *diſguis'd.*

Innoc. I am a bold intruder to this houſe, and am come in Queſt of one my Lord *Generous.*

Sir *Iſa.* He will be here inſtantly: 'tis ſhe, I can hardly forbear diſcovery; but I will bridle till Sir *Cornelius* returns.

Enter Fido, *Sir* Cornelius *like a Fryar.*

Fido. Here's brave jugling; this Fryar has confeſt, that you Lady in your laſt Confeſſion owned, that *Muchcraft* had lain with you; at which your Husband runs mad about the Garden.

Polic. Art mad? deny it, I am undone elſe.

Mocko. Father *Tony*, what a Devil do you mean to do?

Sir *Cor.* I confeſs it, I deny it; I do any thing, I do every thing, I do nothing.

Sir *Iſa.* The Fryars frantick, and ſo has wrong'd the Lady.

Polic. 'Tis my misfortune ſtill to ſuffer Sir.

Sir *Cor.* Did you not ſee one ſlip out of a Cloak-bag, in the faſhion of a Gammon of Bacon, and run under the Table among the Hogs?

Fido. He's mad, he's mad.

Mocko. I, I, a Tyth-Pig was overlaid laſt night, and he ſpoke nonſenſe all the day after.

Polic. Shall I ſuffer this in my own houſe?

Mocko. I'd ſcratch out his eyes firſt.

Sir *Iſa.* Faith Madam, the beſt way is to diſrobe this irregular Fryar, and lay him open to all the world: Tear off his holy Weeds.

Much. Now my frantick Brother, had you not better ſpar'd your breath?

Polic. And do you keep counſel no better? we'll eaſe you of your Orders.

Mocko. Nay, let me have a hand in't; I'le tear with more zeal than a Puritan would a Surplice.

Polic. See what it is to accuſe when you'r mad; I confeſs again to you, this man did lye with me.

Mocko. And I brought him to her Chamber.

Fido. A ha houſe! this Sir *Cornelius!*

Sir *Cor.* How Dreams do fall out true, Wife?

Polic. Oh, good Sir, I crave you pardon.

Sir *Cor.* What ſay you, *Muchcraft?*

Much. You have run beſt Sir, vain 'tis to defend,
Craft ſets forth ſwift, but ſtill fails in the end.

Sir *Cor.*

Sir Cor. You brought him to her Chamber, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, I was meerly inveagl'd.

Much. Luſt is ſtill like a midnight Meal, after our violent drinkings:
'Tis ſwallow'd greedily, but the Courſe being kept,
We are ſicker when we wake, than e're we ſlept.

Sir Cor. You ſhall to *Flanders* to a Monaſtery, and ſpend your days recluſive.

Polic. Your Doom is juſt; no Sentence can be given
Too hard for her, plays faſt and looſe with Heaven.

Sir Cor. I will buſs thee, and bid fair weather after thee. But for you, Sirrah.

Mock. Sir, I brought but fleſt to fleſh, and you do as much when you bring your Meat to your Mouth.

Sir Cor. You Sirrah, at a Carts Tail ſhall be whipt thorow the City: I am a Juſtice of Peace, and will ſee it done.

Mock. There's my dream out already; but ſince there's no remedy but the Whipping chear muſt cloſe up my ſtomach: I will requeſt a Note from your Hand to the Carman, to intreat him to drive apace, I ſhall never endure it elſe.

Sir Iſa. 'Twas a fine Penance; but Oh the Art of Woman in the performance!

Sir Cor. 'Tis nothing, had ſhe bin in her great Grannums place:
Had not the Devil firſt began the Sin,
And cheated her, ſhe would have cheated him.

Sir Iſa. Now if my *Innocentia* was but here to clear my grief, then all our Joys were compleat.

Innoc. Then here ſhe ſtands ſpotleſs and innocent Heaven can teſtifie, and all good men cann't deny.

Fido. I'le add my Life and Sword to juſtifie ſhe's a matchleſs piece of virtue, and ſo receive her.

Sir Iſa. I am eaſily perſwaded to't, for I have made a tryal on't my ſelf, and found her all Excellence: Oh pardon me.

Innoc. I do; and pray Heaven may: And now,
Receive me juſt, both in my Life and Vow.

Sir Iſa. Vice for a time may ſhine and Virtue ſigh;
But truth like Heavens ſeen, plainly doeſt reveal,
And ſcourge or crown, what darkneſs did conceal.

FINIS.

The PROLOGUE.

JUſt ſo a Crack, firſt vent'ring on the Sin,
Does with reluctancy and fear begin.
As we Gallants (when ſuch as you are here)
Produce our homely Cate's *plain countrey Chear.*
But yet we ſcorn to do like ſome that write
Make uſe of Art, to raiſe your Appetite:
And make you think they have prepar'd a Feaſt,
When 'tis but Huſks and Element at beſt.
No; we acknowledge we have nothing here
Worthy your leaſt acceptance can appear.
Yet ſuch as our poor Fate hath kept in ſtore,
We freely give, and wiſh we could give more.
And as the Perſian *Monarch when diſtreſt,*
Swore filthy Puddle-Water was the beſt
Pleaſanteſt Drink he ever taſted: So,
Since ripe Town-Wit does not ith' Countrey grow:
We humbly hope for once theſe Green Fruits may,
If not ſuffice, your Appetite allay;
And be accepted of.
But if our Fate you otherwiſe decree,
We muſt ſubmit without reluctancy.
And in our Ruin we ſhall ſtill rejoyce,
That ſuch as You, 'twas, gave the Caſting Voice.

The EPILOGUE.

WEll, Gentlemen, you've heard my Dreadful Doom,
In a dull Nunnery I muſt now conſume
My Blooming Youth; and watch, and faſt, and pray,
To take the Guilt of my paſt ſins away.
But faith, Gallants, I'le e'ne appeal to you,
'Tis damnably unjuſt, and cruel too:
Becauſe I once oblig'd a Friend, or ſo;
Muſt I to Eternal Penance therefore go?
Muſt I, becauſe I have to ſome been kind,
For ever be ſecluded from Mankind,
And thoſe ſweet dear delights we reap in Love,
And pine my ſelf away? --- Not I by Jove.
Thanks to my Stars, our Sex as yet is free,
Kind England grants us Chriſtian Liberty;
And ſome of you, no doubt, would be ſo good,
To pity and relieve poor Fleſh and Blood:
Nay, 'tis but a juſt Tribute due to Beauty,
For you did firſt debauch us from our duty;
You ſubtilly teach us firſt to go aſtray,
And, would ye, would ye, caſt us then away?
No Faith, I'm ſure ye dare not -
For if you once begin to ſham us ſo,
'Twould make us Wives, e'ne down-right honeſt grow;
And then, alas, what would become of you?
You'd find but little amorous work to do:
Then 'faith reverſe my Sentence; if you don't,
When e're you'd do the Feat, be ſure we wont.